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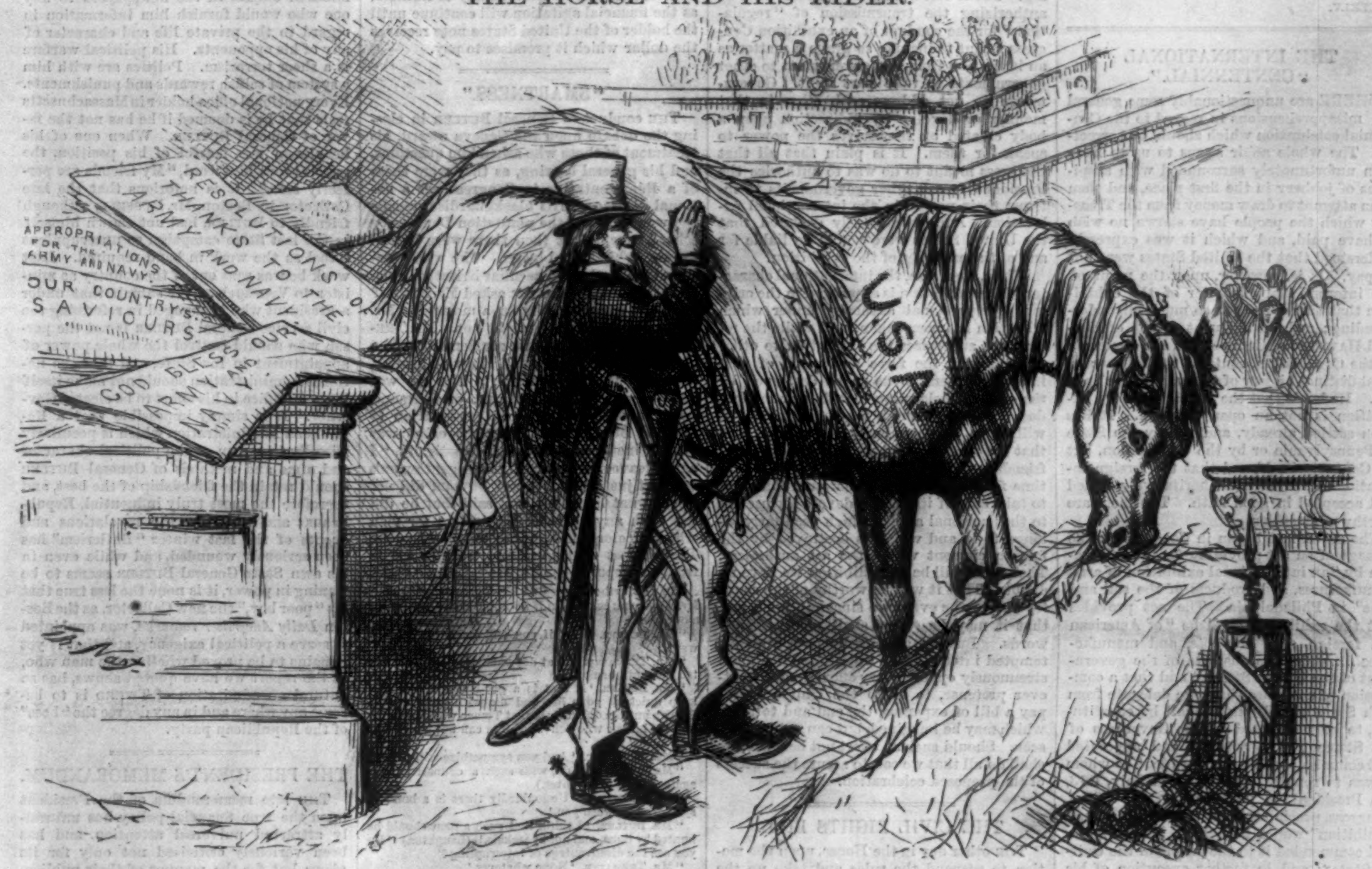
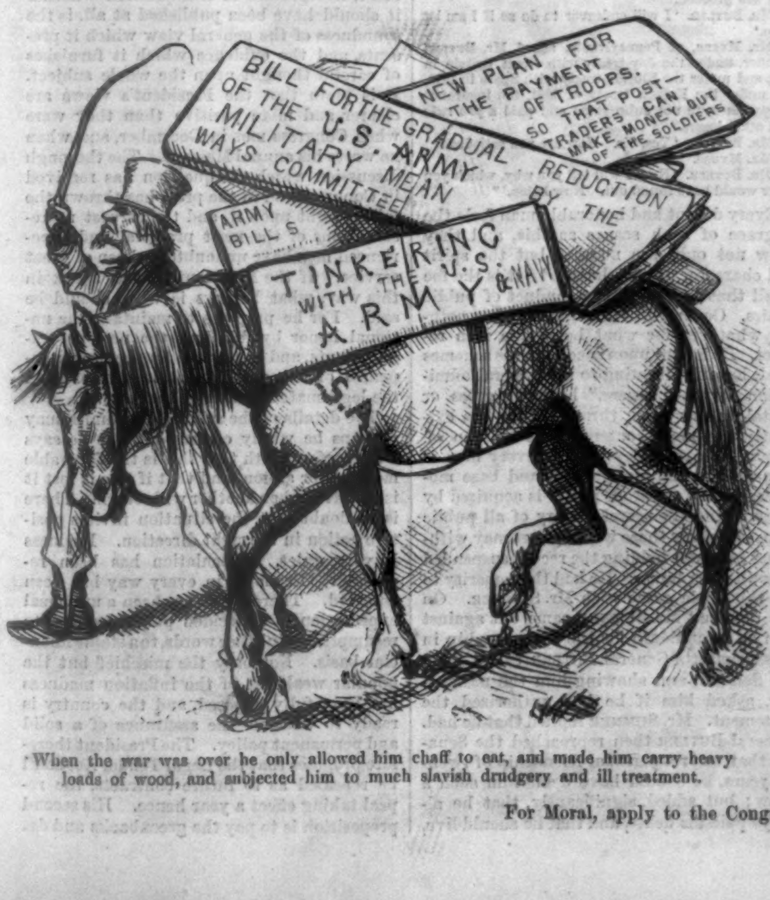
THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.



A horse-soldier took the utmost pains with his charger as long as the war lasted. He looked upon him as his fellow-helper in all emergencies, and fed him carefully with hay and corn.



When the war was over he only allowed him chaff to eat, and made him carry heavy loads of wood, and subjected him to much slavish drudgery and ill treatment.

War, however, being again proclaimed, and the trumpet summoning him to his standard, the soldier put on his charger its military trappings, and mounted. The horse fell down straightway under the weight, no longer equal to the burden, and said to his master: "You must now e'en go to the war on foot, for you have transformed me from a horse into an ass; and how can you expect that I can again turn in a moment from an ass to a horse?"—*Æsop.*

For Moral, apply to the Congressional Mean Ways Committee.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

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THE INTERNATIONAL "CENTENNIAL."

THERE are unquestionably some general misapprehensions in regard to the Centennial celebration which should be corrected. The whole affair seems to us to have been unfortunately surrounded with suspicions of jobbery in the first place, and then of an attempt to draw money from the Treasury which the people have shown no wish to have paid, and which it was expressly understood that the United States were not to pay. It is, however, upon the point of the international character of the exhibition that there has been so much misunderstanding; and the eloquent speech of General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, the chairman of the Commission, contains the fullest and most distinct history of this part of the project. He holds that the character of the exhibition is not an open question. It has been settled already, and not by the State of Pennsylvania or by the Commission, but by Congress itself, and that the foreign invitations have been authoritatively issued and accepted in good faith. The facts are worthy of attention.

The movement began in Congress by the passage of an act providing for the celebration by "an international exhibition of arts, manufactures, and products of the soil and mine" in Philadelphia. The act provides that the exhibition shall be "of American and foreign arts, products, and manufactures......under the auspices of the government of the United States," and that a commission of not more than one delegate from each State and Territory shall be constituted, to be nominated by the Governors of the States and Territories, and appointed and commissioned by the President, to whom it was to report. On the 3d of July, 1873, the President, in pursuance of the act of Congress, proclaimed that "an international exhibition" would be held in Philadelphia, and commended it to the people of the United States; and, in further execution of his duty under the act, the President sent copies of the proclamation to the foreign ministers, and the Secretary of State forwarded to them a circular note. In his note the Secretary says that the President hopes that the various governments will notice the subject, and bring the exhibition and its objects to the attention of their people, and "thus encourage their co-operation in the proposed celebration." The Secretary of State also requested our own ministers in the various foreign countries to ascertain whether the governments of those countries proposed to create commissions to represent them at the exhibition.

This was the national authority for the international exhibition, and the national proceeding under that authority. The Commission, of course, had nothing to do with the governments of other countries, but all was done by the President and Secretary of State, under the authority of Congress. There can be no doubt that the international character was designed and declared by Congress, and that it is therefore, however unwise and improper it may be in design, and however impracticable or inadequate it may prove to be in execution, a cardinal and inseparable part of the original enterprise. Fourteen governments, including Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, Brazil, Spain, and Belgium, have accepted the invitation to bring the subject to the attention of their people, the replies plainly showing that the note of the Secretary was considered as an invitation "to take part" in the exhibition. We confess, for our own part, that we had not sufficiently considered that the only authority for any celebration was for an international exhibition.

But from this point every thing becomes doubtful. The question presently arose whether foreign governments had been invited, as such, to take part in the exhibition. In a subsequent note to the one we have mentioned the Secretary of State calls the attention of our ministers to the fact that the President was not authorized to invite the governments "to participate" in the exhibition, but while desirous to attract as much interest and attention to it as possible, he confines himself to commending it. But the act which empowers him to do this expressly says that he shall send to the foreign representatives not only his proclamation of commendation, but copies of "such regulations as may be adopted by the Commissioners, for publication in their various countries." Now one of those regulations is that "a cordial invitation is hereby extended to every nation of the earth to be represented," etc. And Congress authorized and commanded the President to send that regulation. Was this an invitation of our government to other governments? Constructively, perhaps, it was; but the manner shows the looseness of the whole understanding. For it can hardly be assumed that in authorizing the transmission of "regulations" for the conduct of an exhibition Congress meant to include so grave a matter as an invitation from this government to other governments to take part in it. Governments do not address each other in that manner, or devolve by indirection upon a body created by themselves the power to speak for them. It is plain that all that Congress meant to do was to authorize the President to ask other governments to interest their people in the international exhibition. And it expressly declared that the United States were not to be liable for any of the expenses of the exhibition.

While, therefore, the international character of the exhibition is stipulated in the original Congressional authority under which all action has been taken, and while the recent act authorizes the invitation to other governments, the force and value of that invitation seem to us to be destroyed by the express declaration that the government does not care enough for the affair to be willing to be pecuniarily responsible, and that is the reason that we hoped the especial friends of the exhibition would from this time forth leave the international character to take care of itself, and devote themselves to that national aspect which peculiarly belongs to it, and which is destroyed by the foreign element which the act authorizes. That there will be an exhibition we have no doubt. That it will be worthy of the country and of the event we sincerely hope, and that it may be so we shall not spare our words. But we as heartily regret its attempted international aspect, and we shall strenuously oppose every effort, under whatever pretense, to make the United States pay a bill of expenses, the end and total of which may be imagined, but can not be foreseen. Should such an effort not be made, we shall do all that we can to secure the success of the proposed celebration.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE other day in the House, upon the motion to suspend the rules and take up the Civil Rights Bill, which has passed the Senate, the vote was 136 yeas to 86 nays. This was not a two-thirds vote, and the rules were not suspended; so that there is an impression that the bill will not be reached, and is lost for this session. We are very sorry, because it is desirable that the "negro question" should be settled, and because it is not settled, and will be constantly and properly agitated until all citizens of the United States are made equal under the laws, as they are not now. There is no more signal error than the supposition that the defeat of this bill tends to settle any thing. It is baffled by the party and the influence which have never comprehended and never will comprehend the real feeling of the country upon the subject, and which oppose the Civil Rights Bill upon the same general grounds and with the same hopelessness that they opposed the antislavery agitation and the Republican policy. That slavery should not go into the Territories—that having tried to destroy the government, it should be abolished—and that the colored race, being made citizens, should be defended as equal citizens, are parts of the same purpose; and happily very little is now wanting of its perfect accomplishment.

Mr. LYNCH, a colored Representative from Mississippi, said in the late Republican Congressional caucus that he did not take it much to heart that Congress had refused to pass the bill, for the Republican party had been true to his race in the past, and would continue to be so in the future. But he also said that it mattered little to the colored race in the South about the dishonesty of leaders, for if the Republican governments had stolen money, the Democrats proposed to steal rights. Mr. LYNCH leans upon a broken reed. Does he not know that without honesty in administration neither he nor his race have any real ground of hope? A thief is a thief. A party which steals money to-day will steal rights to-morrow. The men whom he defends sustain him to-day because they think that they can "make most" in that way. They will throw him over the instant they think that they can make more. A dishonest party is the least to be trusted of any; and Mr. LYNCH and his friends may more safely confide themselves to the mercy of honest opponents than of dishonest friends.

Fortunately that alternative is not offered. The Republican party, as such, is honestly the friend of equal rights, and will persist in the effort to secure them. The Democrats will oppose, instinctively and traditionally; for what is called the Democratic party in this country is and always has been, as Mr. ADAMS so well showed in his discourse upon Mr. SEWARD, an aristocratic conspiracy. It has never respected the people, although it has constantly pandered to the mob. The bill now goes over, perhaps, to another session, but it will constantly re-appear until the engagement of the country is fulfilled, as the financial agitation will continue until the holder of the United States note receives the dollar which it promises to pay.

"SMARTNESS."

THE conduct of General BUTLER in closing the debate upon the Geneva award, his treatment of those who asked him questions, and his general bearing, as they were those of a Representative in Congress, are a national disgrace. His blackguardism recalls the worst days of the plantation Democracy school, except that then there were bowie-knives behind the bluster. The whole debate, indeed, showed peculiar irritation upon all sides. Mr. TREMAINE asked Mr. FRYE if he might interrupt him for a moment. Mr. FRYE replied that he might not. Mr. TREMAINE then said that the gentleman made a charge of fraud and would allow no answer, adding, "that is courage." The air was very electric. Mr. POLAND, of Vermont, tried to obtain a word in explanation to General BUTLER, and after the effort was plainly ineffectual, he said, sarcastically, "I am endeavoring to appeal to the gentleman's sense of justice." General BUTLER did not know what he meant, and said that he did not wish any appeal. Naturally; for men who are color-blind are not judges of colors. The contest continued, and we now quote from the report:

"In the further course of Mr. BUTLER's argument, Mr. TREMAINE asked him if he would allow him to put a question.

"MR. BUTLER. 'Yes, if you will keep quiet afterward.'

"MR. TREMAINE. 'That depends upon whether you tell the truth or not.'

"MR. BUTLER. 'If that is a good reason, you will keep quiet all your life, and die with your tongue dumb; but the difficulty is that TWEED was convicted, and the lawyer who convicted him can not keep quiet ever since.'

"MR. TREMAINE. 'And you sympathize with him?'

"MR. BUTLER. 'I do, with such a counsel as was against him.' (Laughter.)

"MR. TREMAINE. 'Undoubtedly there is a bond of sympathy between you.'

"MR. BUTLER. 'I think that such a man should be hunted by lions, and not by jackals.' (Laughter.) 'Do you see the disadvantage of interrupting?'

"MR. TREMAINE. 'None whatever.'

"THE SPEAKER *pro tem.* (Mr. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania, in the chair). 'The gentleman from Massachusetts will proceed.'

"MR. BUTLER. 'I will endeavor to do so if I am let alone.'

"Mr. MYERS, of Pennsylvania, asked Mr. BUTLER whether, under the Jay treaty with Great Britain in 1794, and under the Florida treaty with Spain in 1819, and under the French treaty of 1831, the insurance companies were not subrogated and paid a *pro rata* with other losers.

"MR. BUTLER. 'Yes, Sir. Now are you satisfied?'

"MR. MYERS. 'I am.'

"MR. BUTLER. 'Now I will tell you why, which you never would have found out. Now listen.'"

Every decent and honorable man feels the disgrace of such scenes as this, and they show not only the manner, but the spirit and character of "Butlerism." It is the foe of all that is best in the conduct of public affairs. General BUTLER himself cares nothing whatever for what honorable men respect. He is bent upon success in his schemes at all hazards, trusting to the general admiration for "smartness," however gross or brutal, to carry him through. He has evidently the most contemptuous opinion of human nature, believing that every man is actuated by the most sordid and base motives, and his apparent power is acquired by ascertaining the secret history of all public men, especially those who he fears may withstand him, and holding the record suspended over them in terror. He had the temerity to try this little game with Mr. SUMNER. On the day that Mr. SUMNER came out against him as a candidate for the Governorship in Massachusetts General BUTLER called upon the Senator, and showing him the newspaper, asked him if he had authorized the statement. Mr. SUMNER replied that he had. General BUTLER then reproached the Senator that, after a personal friendship of twenty years, he should have dealt him such a blow; but added, significantly, that he always paid his debts, and that he should live, if need were, twenty years yet to settle this account. He then repeated to Mr. SUMNER some severe remark which the Senator had made upon some public man. Mr. SUMNER corrected him, and said, "it was not so, but so." BUTLER rejoined that he knew; that he had affidavits of what Mr. SUMNER had said about many men and affairs upon many occasions. The "able" and "clever" Mr. BUTLER had, according to his statement to Mr. SUMNER, set spies upon the private conversation of his "friend of twenty years," that he might have him, as he thought, in his power!

This is his method of proceeding. The general had a quarrel with a Western member, and had made preparations for crushing him by certain letters to a certain woman. But the member was as pachydermatous as the general, and informed him that he might publish as many letters as he chose. And unless we were misinformed at the time, when the general was a candidate for Congress in 1868 he offered a reward of five hundred dollars in the newspapers to any one who would furnish him information in regard to the private life and character of any of his opponents. His political warfare is a sheer terrorism. Politics are with him a system of selfish rewards and punishments. Every national office-holder in Massachusetts feels that he is doomed if he has not the favor of General BUTLER. When one of his henchmen was fearful of his position, the general sent him word, "My friends are perfectly safe." It is notorious that the late Collector in Boston, Mr. RUSSELL, although friendly to BUTLER, had not shown himself in the last State campaign so unscrupulous a tool as the work in hand required. Last week he was sent out of the country as minister to Venezuela. We submit that under a President who is engaged in reforming the civil service General BUTLER is not the person who should control the whole power of appointment in his State, and that the national Administration should not make itself his accomplice in his effort to be elected Governor. It is simply impossible that a Republican Administration which is peculiarly friendly to a man of the political character and aims and methods of General BUTLER should retain the friendship of the best, and therefore the most truly influential, Republicans; and while by the revelations and events of the last winter "Butlerism" has been seriously wounded, and while even in his own State General BUTLER seems to be waning in power, it is none the less true that his "poor boy," the new Collector, as the Boston *Daily Advertiser* remarks, was appointed to serve a political exigency, and that it yet remains to be proved whether the man who, as the report we have quoted shows, has so natural an admiration of TWEED is to become any where and in any degree the "boss" of the Republican party.

THE PRESIDENT'S MEMORANDUM.

THE late memorandum of the President upon the true financial policy has naturally attracted universal attention, and has been variously criticised not only for its views but for the manner of their publication. The first striking point in the document, irrespective of the question whether it should have been published at all, is the soundness of the general view which it presents, and the evidence which it furnishes of careful thought upon the whole subject. It is plain that the President's views are clearer and more positive than they were when Congress met in December, and when he wrote his annual Message. The thorough discussion which the question has received in Congress and in the press has thrown the fullest light upon it, and the earnest representations of the most practical and experienced men have undoubtedly been of great service. If the President was to speak in this way, what he says is what should be said. For he proposes to maintain the national honor by fulfilling the national engagements, and to provide for the proper expenses of the government, if necessary, in the legitimate manner, by taxation.

The details of the scheme, he admits, may perhaps be wisely corrected. But he says with perfect truth that this is the favorable moment for action, and that if this is lost it is doubtful when another will return. There is no doubt that the situation invites positive action in the right direction. Business is very quiet. Speculation has been repressed. Economy in every way has been enforced. There is and has been a universal expectation of a decided policy looking to resumption—in other words, to a stable financial basis. Not only the mischief but the popular weakness of the inflation madness has been fully exposed, and the country is ready to welcome the assurance of a solid and permanent policy. The President therefore proposes that the Legal Tender Act shall be repealed as to future contracts, the repeal taking effect a year hence. His second proposition is to pay the greenbacks and de-

stroy them, obtaining the money by the issue of gold bonds. The third plan is to withdraw from circulation all bills of a smaller denomination than ten dollars, and to replace them by coin as the smaller currency. He would further provide an excess of revenue over current expenditures by rigid economy and by taxation where taxation is most feasible. The repeal of the legal tender clause, as the President truly says, would correct our estimates of values by restoring the true and acknowledged standard. That these views have in general the approval of the best public opinion is unquestionable; but we are not so sure that a bill embodying them would be sustained by Congress. Yet nothing would more certainly restore our own national self-respect and the confidence of other nations in our sagacity as well as our courage and honor.

But there is another consideration suggested by the President's memorandum. It is this: whether it be desirable that the Chief Magistrate, who by the Constitution is to make his important recommendations upon subjects of legislation by messages to Congress, should publish statements of his views and wishes in the form of private letters and memoranda to individuals. The present publication is really an intimation of the kind of legislation which the President wishes to see upon the subject, and a broad hint that any other will not receive his approval. It is true that Congress may proceed to legislate as if it had heard nothing and knew nothing of the views of the Executive. But none the less would it act under a certain degree of coercion; and while no member might allude to such a memorandum, every member would be conscious of it. And what if upon all other important or unimportant topics a President should pursue a similar course? Is the executive power not great enough already, that it should be thus magnified? With the veto in one hand, and the enormous patronage of the administration in the other, is it well that a kind of *motu proprio* should issue from the Executive Mansion as if directing legislation? Wholly as we approve the views of the President, and fitting as they would be in a message to Congress, and entirely free, as we believe the President to be of any desire improperly to magnify his power, it is impossible not to see that this publication is a precedent to be avoided. It is true that the President is a citizen, like the rest of us, with his own views of public questions. But it is no less true that he is President, and a powerful part of the Legislature through the veto, and that the methods of his participation in legislation are constitutionally prescribed. For the common welfare, therefore, it is best that we should all respect the guards and bonds which we have ourselves ordained, and insist upon respect for them from others.

A REPULSE.

THE defeat of the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission ought neither to surprise nor dishearten the friends of the reform. It should not surprise them, because it is especially an executive reform, and the President has not shown himself to be heartily in earnest; and it should not dishearten, because the subject is one which will more and more command public interest, until it becomes one of the vital and necessary issues before the country. It is the measure which will bridle "Butlerism," the immediate menace of the national welfare, and the evidence of it is the tenacious and alarmed hostility which the general manifests. As we elsewhere state, his political method is a system of rewards and punishments, and as the reform would destroy that system, it would hamstring the general. He has for a time baffled the movement, not because it is not wise and necessary, nor because it is not befriended by the most sagacious and truly practical men who think upon such subjects, but because Congress is opposed to it as reducing the patronage of members, and because the President, knowing that hostility, left the decision to Congress.

General BUTLER's appeal to party jealousy of the "Liberals" was not only foolish, but the assertion upon which it was based was untrue. The especial Congressional friend of civil service reform, as Mr. NIBLACK said, was Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, a Republican quite as old and unswerving as General BUTLER; and the clause under which the original Civil Service Commission was appointed was drawn by Mr. JENCKES, and only offered at his urgent instance by Mr. TRUMBULL, who made strong objection, not to the purpose, but the method of the clause, which was an amendment, as not germane to the subject of the bill to which it was attached. When it returned to the House, at the last moment, to be ratified, Mr. DAWES, then chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, declared that it gave the President no authority which he did not already possess. It is true that Mr. SUMNER and Mr. TRUMBULL and Mr. SCHURZ were in favor of a reform; but so was the President, who had warmly recommended it; so was Mr. EDMUNDS, of Vermont, one of his most faithful friends; and so were Mr. GARFIELD and many of the most faithful Republicans. The measure was recommended by a Republican President, adopted by a Republican Congress, proclaimed by almost all the Republican State Conventions in 1871 and 1872, and in the latter year was made part of the national party platform upon which the Republican House, which has now baffled it, was elected. It is in every sense, in its character and aim, and in all its details, a Republican reform; and by following General BUTLER in his assault upon it, the Republican House has not only falsified this particular pledge, but has thrown discredit upon every other declaration of the party.

The friends of a genuine reform will see in this latest, as in all the earlier discussions upon the subject, that the defeat is not the result of argument or reason, but of ridicule and ignorance and self-interest. From the speeches of the Democratic Judge WOODWARD against Mr. JENCKES's reports and speeches in the beginning of the movement, down to the sneers of General BUTLER and his allies, there has been nothing said which even takes the form of argument. It is the familiar "Would you marry your daughter to a nigger?" style of reasoning throughout. The conflict has been really one of will. From the first the interesting question has been, "Will the President 'stick?'" In our opinion he has yielded. Had he been as clear and resolved as he is upon the inflation question, the modest appropriation would not have been refused. But his conduct in making appointments, and the manner in which he treated the subject in his last annual Message, showed that he distrusted both the scope and the methods of the system he had himself adopted. This was so evident that the House could not believe that his heart was very much set upon it, and therefore sustained General BUTLER. It is not, as Mr. KELLOGG thinks, the principle of the rules, nor the character of the Commission that recommended them, but it is the passivity of the President, which has given the present victory to the enemies of reform.

SUMNER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—*Milton's Defense of the People of England.*

O MOTHER State!—the winds of March
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;
It may be that my friend might miss,
In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

What hath been said, I can but say;
All know the work that brave man did,
For he was open as the day,
And nothing of himself he hid.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by;
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered, "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same,
As, through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong light-house lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

No wail was in his voice; none heard,
When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew,
The weakness of a doubtful word;
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand!

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his manhood felt,
He saw a brother in the slave—
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demi-god,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew?

Was he not just? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page
Through which he still shall warm and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah! who shall blame him now because
He solaced thus his hours of pain!
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain?

No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went;
Small play of fancy lightened toil;
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own,
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech,
The pine grove whispered of his theme;
Where'er he wandered, rock and beach
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left from youth to silvered hair
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without:
O Nature, make the last amends;
Train all thy flowers his grave about,
And make thy singing-birds his friends!

Revive again, thou summer rain,
The broken turf upon his bed!
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain
Of low, sweet music overhead!

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes
Made weak his life's great argument;
Small leisure his for frames and moods
Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound;
The truths he moulded into law
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His state-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust;
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge: "Is it just?"

And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven
Whose mercy to the suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
O Mother, from thy son, not long
He waited calmly in his place
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved
The one brief lapse, the single blot;
Forgotten be the stain removed,
Her righted record shows it not!

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care shall guard his fame;
The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
And from her pictured Pantheon
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name!

J. G. WHITTIER.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN Congress two important pension bills were reported from the conference committee and passed by the House and Senate on the 8th. The first increases the pensions of soldiers and sailors who have been totally disabled from $31 50 to $50 per month, and the second rates all pensioners who have lost a leg above the knee in the same class with those who have lost an arm above the elbow, and gives them $24 a month.—In the House, on the 8th, Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, moved to suspend the rules and take from the Speaker's table the Senate Civil Rights Bill and refer it to the Judiciary Committee, with leave to report at any time; but the motion was lost—yeas, 136; nays, 86—less than two-thirds in the affirmative.—The House passed a bill on the 8th for the admission of Colorado as a State by a vote of 170 to 65.—The Louisiana contested election case of Sheridan *v.* Pinchback was taken up by the House on the 8th, and it was voted to have further testimony taken.—The Senate, on the 8th, passed a joint resolution terminating the treaty of the United States and Belgium of July 17, 1858.—The committee to investigate the management of the District of Columbia reported a bill on the 9th to abolish the present government and substitute for it temporarily a commission to have charge of the affairs of the District. A joint committee of Congress is to be appointed, consisting of two Senators and two Representatives, to sit during the recess, and frame laws for the future government of the District, the bill defining certain principles in accordance with which the laws are to be made.—On the 10th, in the Senate, Mr. Howe, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported unfavorably on the bill to encourage and promote telegraphic communication between America and Asia; also unfavorably on the bill granting to W. Cornell Jewett and others the right to construct a line of telegraph between the two continents. He also reported from the same committee, as a substitute for the two bills above mentioned, a bill relating to telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign countries. Placed on the calendar.—The Moiety Bill passed the Senate on the 10th. It repeals all provisions of the law under which moieties or other share of fines, penalties, or forfeitures have been paid to informers or Federal officers, and it directs that in future the proceeds of all seizures, fines, etc., shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury is vested with the discretion of determining within certain limits what shall be considered "suitable compensation" for the detection of smuggling by Custom-house officers, and for information given by outside parties which may lead to the discovery or prevention of frauds upon the revenue. In the case of seizures of goods in the act of being smuggled the reward is not to exceed one-half of their net proceeds. Compensation to informers is not in any case to exceed $5000. In making the award to informers the Secretary of the Treasury is to be guided by the certificate of the court having cognizance of the proceedings consequent upon the information which is to be paid for. It is made a misdemeanor for Custom-house officers to participate in the gains of informers. A specified business book or paper, moved for by the prosecuting attorney and ordered by the judge, must be produced in court, under penalty of the allegations on which the motion is based being taken as confessed. Such book or paper will not, however, be allowed to pass from the custody of the owner, except in so far as may be necessary for its examination in court.—The Geneva Award Bill again came before the House on the 10th. Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, offered a substitute in place of the Senate substitute for the original House bill, and it was passed by a vote of 133 to 101. It provides for the payment of war premiums to insurers, but excludes insurance companies, except those whose losses exceeded their receipts.—The conference report on the Army Appropriation Bill was agreed to by the House on the 10th.—On the 10th Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis was nominated by the President to be minister to Germany, and on the 11th he was confirmed.—The House bill in relation to courts and judicial officers in Utah was favorably reported in the Senate on the 11th.—The Senate, on the 12th, concurred in the amendments of the House to the bill amending the patents, trade-marks, and copyrights act.—The conference committee's report on the Currency Bill was presented in the Senate on the 11th, and passed the next day. It is similar to the Sherman bill in all but two important points. One is that Mr. Sherman's bill proposed to authorize $164,000,000 of national bank notes and retire $82,000,000 legal tenders. The present bill authorizes $218,000,000 bank-notes, while retiring the $82,000,000 legal tenders. The other exception is that the Sherman bill fixed the date of redemption in bonds at January 1, 1877, and this bill at January 1, 1878, a year later. The same bill was rejected by the House on the 13th.—The House, on the 12th, refused to make appropriation for the Civil Service Board for the coming year.

The Court of Appeals of this State on the 9th decided that the civil suits against Ingersoll, Tweed, and others for the recovery of the money stolen by the Tammany "Ring" should be brought in the name of the county, and not of the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE political excitement in France is on the increase. On the 10th the Assembly, by a vote of 348 to 337, adopted an amendment to the Municipal Electoral Bill fixing the lowest age of electors at twenty-one years instead of twenty-five, as proposed by the government, which is thus defeated on a vital provision of the bill. A number of altercations have occurred, and several arrests have been made.

The Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur) took his seat as a member of the House of Lords on the 8th, for the first time.

In Mexico all the parties implicated in burning the alleged sorcerers in Jacobo are in prison. None of them can read except one—the village school-master—who says the outrage would not have been perpetrated had not the prefect sent orders to hurry the execution.

The American pilgrims, accompanied by one hundred American Catholic residents of Rome, were received by the Pope at the Vatican on the 9th. After the formal addresses the pilgrims kissed the hand of the Pope, and presented to him $100,000 in money and a coffer filled with nuggets of American gold.

The Spanish government troops are pressing the revolutionists closely. Marshal Concha is moving against the Carlists in Navarre with every available man. Twenty-five battalions of Carlists are posted between Estella and the Arga Valley awaiting their approach. An important action is expected soon.

M'Vey (Right Field). James O'Rourke (First Base). Andrew Leonard (Left Field). Al. Spaulding (Pitcher). George Wright (Short Stop). Harry Wright (Captain—Centre Field). James White (Catcher). George Hall (Substitute). Schaffer (Third Base). Rosco Barnes (Second Base). Thomas Beales (Substitute).

INTERNATIONAL BASE-BALL—THE BOSTON CHAMPIONS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 537.]

PÈRE HYACINTHE AND HIS CHILD.

Our beautiful picture of Père Hyacinthe and his little child, engraved from a photograph just received from Geneva, will have a twofold interest for our readers. Père Hyacinthe, who has dared the Vatican by marrying, still calls himself a Catholic priest. In this particular his example is different from that of Luther. The great German reformer cut entirely loose from the Romish Church, while Hyacinthe asserts his independence within its fold, despite the thunders of excommunication, and still calls himself a Catholic priest, seeking to work a reformation of certain great errors and abuses without connecting himself with any of the Protestant communions. He believes in the right of a true Catholic to oppose within the Church the dogma of papal infallibility, and to recognize the logic of events through which the Pope has been deprived of his temporal sovereignty—a right denied, of course, by the Vatican, which sees a greater danger in the brave attitude of the Genevan priest than in the encroachments of the Italian government.

Père Hyacinthe's marriage took place soon after his outspoken and most eloquent opposition to the dogma of papal infallibility, and attracted great attention at the time. His example was followed by several other "Old Catholic" priests at Geneva, and, we believe, by several in Italy; but while their obscurity protected them from general notice, Père Hyacinthe, or M. Loyson, the latter being his civil name, adopted since his marriage, was subjected to widespread censure and denunciation, not only by the Church whose voice he had so openly disregarded, but by many outside of that Church, who believed that vows solemnly and voluntarily taken could not be laid aside without doing violence to the laws of conscience and the Christian religion. But he had not taken this step without profound consideration; and in an able and eloquent letter he defended the grounds on which he had acted, and, in the general opinion of the Protestant world, successfully vindicated his course.

PÈRE HYACINTHE AND HIS CHILD.—[From a Photograph.]

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The annual sailing match of the New York Yacht Club on the 11th of June, illustrated by the spirited sketches on this page, was one of the most brilliant ever held in New York waters. The honors gained by the winning boats were in every case well deserved. Model, spars, and rigging stood the severest test. The wind was fresh and the sea lively, and the changed sailing regulations of the club gave the race much additional interest. Time allowance was abolished, and schooners and sloops were each divided into two classes, the first one in of each class to win a prize. The side contest of schooners on time allowance for the Bennett Challenge Cup was also quite interesting.

Shortly before the hour of starting craft of all kinds and sizes laden with spectators clustered round the anchorage ground, off Staten Island, just below Vanderbilt's Landing. The banks on both sides of the Narrows, notwithstanding the threatening clouds, were lined with spectators. Early in the forenoon an unwelcome squall of rain foreboded a disagreeable race; but it held up, and by half past ten the yachts began to take their positions in line. The entries, as classified, were, first-class schooners—*Rambler*, *Tidal Wave*, *Idler*, and *Phantom*; second-class schooners—*Magic*, *Eva*, *Clio*, *Peerless*, and *Cornelia*; first-class sloops—*Vision*, *Gracie*, and *Vindex*; second-class sloops—*Qui Vive*, *Wayward*, *Dudley*, and *Breeze*. Of these all started but the *Rambler*, *Peerless*, and *Breeze*.

The course for all classes was from the starting-point off Vanderbilt's Landing to and around Buoy 8½ on the Southwest Spit, thence to and round the light-ship, and return over the same course. All yachts started from an anchorage, the schooners having all sails down, and sloops having mainsails hoisted.

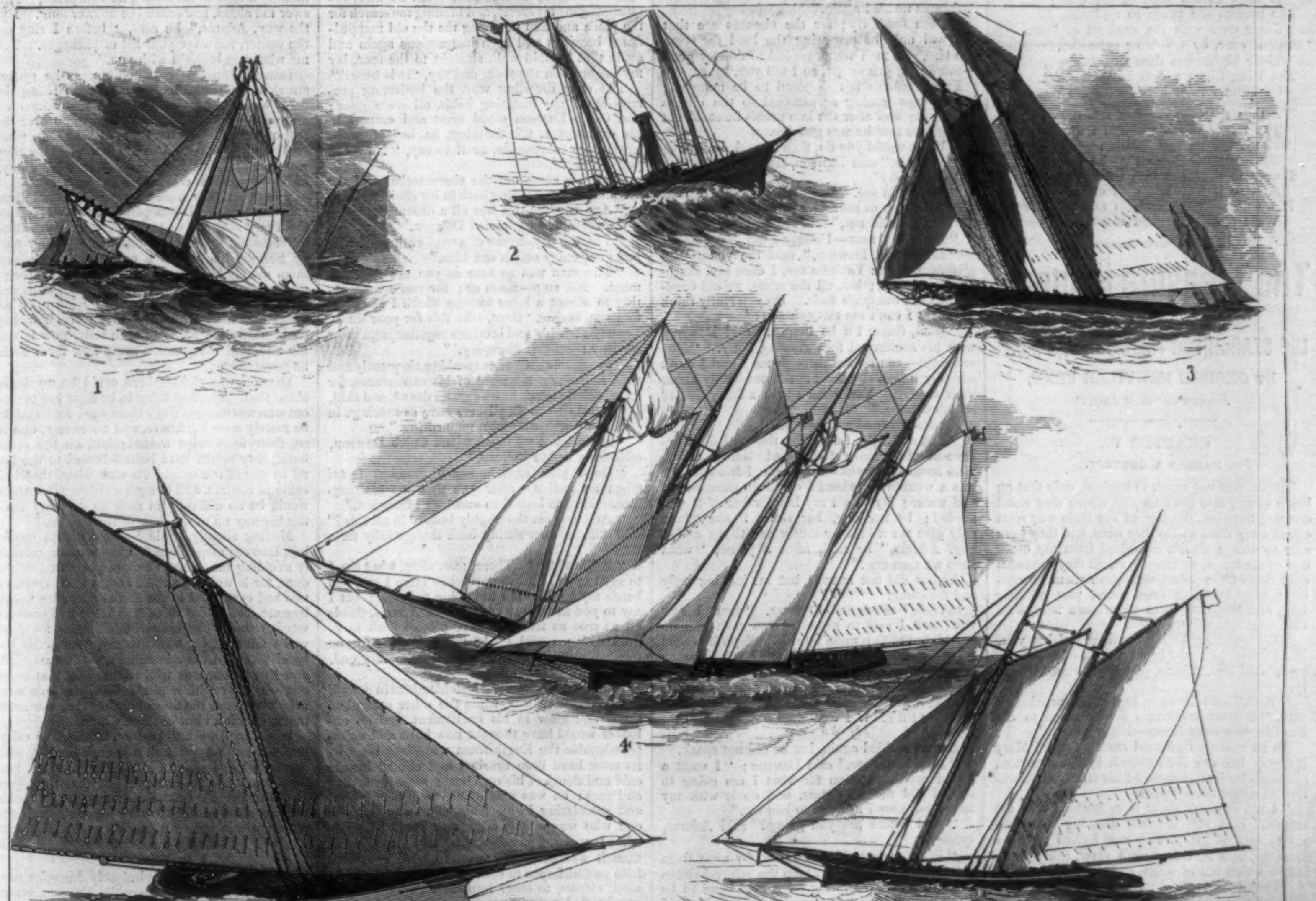
The starting gun was fired at 11.20.30, at which signal all classes got under way at once. The wind was fresh from the southeast, and the tide was still running ebb. Of the schooners the *Cornelia* was the first to get under way, followed quickly by the *Idler*, *Clio*, and *Magic*. Of the sloops the *Dudley*, *Wayward*, and *Vision* got off first, but the *Gracie* and *Vindex* lost little time in running up their jibs and bowling along after them at a rate which soon took them to the front.

We have not space to give the details of the race, which, despite the rain, was most brilliant and exciting, and the reader is referred to the illustrations for the principal incidents of the course. The homeward run from the Spit was made in an extraordinarily short time. The *Tidal Wave* passed the stake-boat at 4.9.40. The *Gracie* had second place in the fleet, arriving at 4.19.27. The other yachts arrived as follows: *Idler*, 4.19.44; *Phantom*, 4.20.37; *Magic*, 4.31.43; *Clio*, 4.51.39; *Vision*, 4.56.46; *Cornelia*, 5.10; *Wayward*, 5.50.32.

The Race Committee awarded the prizes, which were valued at $250 each, to the *Tidal Wave*, first-class schooner; *Magic*, second-class schooner; *Gracie*, first-class sloop; *Wayward*, second-class sloop.

INTERNATIONAL BASE-BALL.

On the preceding page our readers will find the portraits of the Boston champions, who, in conjunction with the ex-champion Athletics, of Philadelphia, will visit England to try their skill against the most noted base-ball players of that country, as well as to play several exhibition games among themselves. We quote from *Forest and Stream*, of this city, the following interesting notes regarding this visit: "The great



1. The iron sloop *Vindex*, carrying away topmast.—2. The steam-yacht *Day Dream*.—3. The *Idler*, carrying away jib-boom.—4. The *Idler* and *Tidal Wave* (winner of the race) near the light-ship.—5. The *Gracie*, winner first-class sloops.—6. The *Magic*, winner second-class schooners.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA, JUNE 11, 1874.—[Drawn by Schell and Hogan.]

base-ball event of 1874 will be the visit of the Boston champions and the ex-champion Athletics to England in August next. Mr. SPAULDING, the *avant-courier* of the tourists, has been very successful in England in his international mission, and he brings to this country full assurances of a cordial greeting to the American baseballists from their cricketing cousins of England, and of an enthusiastic welcome on the occasion of their first appearance at Lord's Grounds, London, which event has been set down to take place on the bank holiday, August 3. The arrangements on that day will include special accommodations for the American visitors who are expected to accompany the players, and the American flag is to be displayed from the flag-staff, and the Royal Band is to compliment the party by playing the American national airs. It is calculated that nearly 10,000 people will be present. The London papers of February make special editorial mention of the proposed visit, and the event is fast becoming the talk of every cricket city and town in the kingdom. The ball-players will include Messrs. HARRY and GEORGE WRIGHT, SPAULDING, HALL, BARNES, WHITE, LEONARD, M'VEY, BEALES, O'ROURKE, and SCHAFFER, of Boston; and CLAPP, M'BRIDE, FISLER, SUTTON, REACH, SENSENDOFFER, MURNAN, GEDNEY, M'MULLEN, and M'GEARY, of Philadelphia. The English cricketers are very desirous that Messrs. CHARLES and DAN NEWHALL and MEADE, noted American cricketers, shall accompany the party, and they propose to play the same English eleven against the American twenty-two ball-players that they did in Philadelphia. It is to be hoped that the Young America Cricket Club will send out a delegation to help HARRY WRIGHT win some cricket matches."

KING FRITZ.

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE W. M. THACKERAY.)

KING FRITZ at his palace of Berlin
  I saw at a royal carouse,
In a periwig powdered and curling
  He sat with his hat on his brows.
The handsome young princes were present;
  Uncovered they stood in the hall;
And oh! it was wholesome and pleasant
  To see how he treated them all!

Reclined on the softest of cushions
  His Majesty sits to his meats;
The princes, like loyal young Prussians,
  Have never a back to their seats.
Off salmon and venison and pheasants
  He dines like a monarch august;
His sons, if they eat in his presence,
  Put up with a bone or a crust.

He quaffs his bold bumpers of Rhenish—
  It can't be too good or too dear;
The princes are made to replenish
  Their cups with the smallest of beer.
And if ever, by words or grimaces,
  Their highnesses dare to complain,
The King flings a dish in their faces,
  Or batters their bones with his cane.

'Tis thus that the chief of our nation
  The minds of his children improves;
And teaches polite education
  By boxing the ears that he loves.
I warrant they vex him but seldom;
  And so if we dealt with our sons,
If we up with our cudgels and felled 'em,
  We'd teach 'em good manners at once.

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

CHAPTER VI.

MAKING A COMPACT.

THERE was not much to explain, only that on being swung into the doorway, where they stood clinging together, the tide of the little war soon ebbed away from where they were, and they were able to escape almost unnoticed from the other end of the street, wandering on till they encountered one of the police, who gave them instructions, after hurrying them along part of their way, and then left them to procure help, with the result that we have seen.

"We can never be sufficiently grateful to you, Mr. Dawson, for your brave defense of two strangers," said Mrs. Adams, pressing his hand warmly.

"Well," said Dawson, in a quiet, *nonchalant* way, "I don't know that it was much to do. I'm like your man Larry—I like a fight."

As he spoke he glanced hastily toward Mary Adams; but she did not look in his direction, although he had enunciated his strange declaration to tempt her to speak.

"I am sure my sister is as grateful as I am myself," said Mrs. Adams, glancing in a surprised way at Mary, who now looked up for a moment, and met Dawson's clear, sharp gaze, before which her eyes fell, and she said, quietly,

"I am very grateful to Mr. Dawson."

"Perhaps you'll just begin to talk gratitude, too," said Dawson, grimly, as he turned to Adams. "It makes a man feel so comfortable—just as if he were being rubbed down with prairie thistles. Why, what a fuss you all make! Wouldn't any man have done just the same? Not much of a man," he added, in an under-tone, "if he wouldn't."

He rose then with quite Old-World politeness, for Mrs. Adams and Mary were leaving the room; and soon after Adams and his new friend were alone.

"Nice place this, ain't it?" said Dawson, beginning to smoke.

"Nice place!" said Adams, indignantly. "I shall never rest till I've left it fifty miles behind."

"But I wouldn't be in too great a hurry," said Dawson.

"Hurry—too great a hurry?"

"Well, yes; you have a hurried sort of way at doing things that isn't always convenient. Judging strangers, for instance."

He looked in a droll way at the young farmer as he spoke, and the other held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Dawson," he said, warmly. "I did misjudge you. I came a perfect stranger, and I was suspicious of every one I met."

"Of course, and the best way, too," said Dawson, laughing. "I might have been a regular sharper for aught you could tell. But you don't think I'm one now?"

"Dawson," said Adams, warmly. "I shall never forget the service you have done me and mine."

"Well, if you were in debt," replied Dawson, "you soon put it straight, for it was a case of gone 'coon with me if you had not come up. while your friend Pat did more than either of us. But never mind about that now. Tell me this—how have you got on at the land-office?"

"Well," said Adams, "I've nearly made arrangements for a plot, which they tell me is in a very rich district, and I am to go to-morrow morning to settle about it."

"Told you they couldn't give you a final answer because some one else was after the plot!"

"Exactly—that is what they did say," replied Adams.

"That's what they always do say," said Dawson, smiling. "And they said if you would pay your deposit they would see what they could do?"

"Yes," said Adams, smiling.

"And you paid it?"

"No. I had to get a letter of credit cashed, and I was too late. But I am going on to-morrow."

"Then I am just in time," said Dawson.

"In time!" said Adams, suspiciously.

"Yes, in time to stop you from fooling away a lot of coin. Now look here, Adams, drop that doubting way of yours at once. I'm a fellow full of failings, but I'm genuine. I never swindled but one man in my life, and him I have served out often, I do own—his name's Dawson, Caleb Dawson his name is—and he always took it very kindly. And now I want to talk to you about your plans. You want to go farming?"

Adams nodded.

"To make money?"

Adams nodded again.

"Then don't try; for the chances are that you will only be preparing the land for some one else. A man wants capital to do any good—more than you've got, so I tell you."

Frank Adams felt disposed to be annoyed; but he was getting accustomed to the other's bluntness; and after the late proofs he could not but believe that he was genuine.

"What would you do, then?" said Adams.

"Join me," said Dawson, rising.

"Join you?"

"Yes; join me. Look here, Adams, I took a fancy to you as soon as I saw you."

"No, you did not," said Adams, dryly.

"But I did, man—I swear I did."

"Look here, Dawson," said the young Englishman, "you Yankees are, I dare say, sharper than we are; but, all the same, we old country folk are not quite fools. Do you really think now that I can't see through you?"

"Well, there, I'll be honest," said Dawson, with his sunburned face glowing hotly. "You are right—you do see through me; and I don't see why a man shouldn't speak out boldly about such a thing. You mean I took a fancy first to somebody else."

Adams frowned and nodded.

"You are right, I did; for, though I don't believe in all that love stuff talked about in books, I no sooner set eyes on her than I felt that she was a woman for whom I could go through fire and water; lay down my life for her if it was needed; be her dog, her slave, if she would only give me a kind look now and then; and—Say, Adams," he said, after a pause, "what fools we men are!"

Adams did not answer, but sat looking surly and frowning.

"Well," continued Dawson, "then I saw you; and I said to myself, 'One man can do a deal, but with a mate like that whom he could trust through thick and thin—in getting money and guarding it, share and share alike—in facing dangers together, in a fight perhaps for life—what a deal more he could do!' and I said to myself, 'I'll see if I can't know him;' and here we are."

Adams nodded again, but he did not speak.

"Now look here," said Dawson; "I want a friend and companion for what I am going to do. I did mean to start, and do it with my man; but now I ask you to join me."

"And where are you going?" said Adams, quietly.

"Right up into the mountains, far away from the ordinary tracks, to where the mineral riches of the earth are waiting for a bold hand to be stretched out to grasp them, and enrich himself and those who belong to him for life. Come with me, Englishman, and you shall be rich. We'll clasp hands together, and swear to be true through thick and thin, to fight one for the other if needs be, and share all that we drag away from where it has lain hid from the beginning of the world."

"And where may this be?" said Adams, calmly, as compared to the other's excitement.

"Away, I tell you, in the mountains."

"Rather a cruel thing to take those two sweet women far away into so wild a region," said Adams.

Dawson started, and smiled, as he thought of his own words.

"Not with us to act as their guards," he said, earnestly. "Adams, man, it would be for their sakes if we did it at all; and the journey there should be like a pleasure trip—we could be travelers, with our mules laden with provisions, and without need to hurry. It is no trifle I offer to you."

"Perhaps not," said Adams; "but it sounds visionary and strange."

"More so than to go miles away to till the soil?"

"There's a certainty of getting a return for your labor there," said Adams.

"If the sun does not parch it up, or the floods wash it away, or the locusts devour it as soon as it is green. Man—man, I tell you that this is not your own old land, where the seasons come and go like clock-work in a quiet old effete way. This country is grand, and one where nature does nothing by halves. The sun shines as it never shines with you; and when it rains it rains in floods. Bah! let your farming go; what could you ever do with your patch but plod along and barely exist?"

"And what should I do with you?" said Adams.

"Look here," said the other, lowering his voice; "if I asked you, Frank Adams, to go on a wild hunt up in those mighty regions, I should say that you were wise to refuse; but I tell you, man, that I have definite information of a valley where the silver crops out of the rock in great veins and blocks—a place where for many years the foot of man has not trod. In fact, it was discovered fifty years since by a band of explorers who, after making sure that they were right, and that this was not some Aladdin's dream, marked down the spot; took bearings and measurements, and then started for civilization, to get mules and packs, and apparatus to smelt and melt down their treasure."

"Well," said Adams, growing interested, for the other had stopped.

"But one man of that party escaped, the rest being cut off by the Indians, and he led a life of slavery for full twenty years. Then he escaped, to return to civilization a broken, enfeebled creature, at whom men mocked when he told his tale and tried to raise a party to explore; and at last, sick at heart and disgusted, he went South."

"And there you met him?"

"He worked on our estate for years, and took a fancy to me, stirring my young blood with adventurous tales; and at last, when he died, bequeathing me his secret, and bidding me search for the place and find it, giving me the old mapped-down bearings and such instructions again and again that I could walk straight to the spot, lay my finger upon the rock, and say, 'It is here!'"

The slow, drawling way, the hesitating pronunciation, the lounging habit, all were gone; and Caleb Dawson stood erect and earnest in his excitement, till, finishing, he bent forward toward his companion, as if to say, "Now can you refuse?"

And now came out the characteristics of the Englishman, as, leaning back in his chair, he said,

"And suppose this was all a dream?"

"A dream!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Yes, the day-dream of a mad enthusiast who had gone crazy on his one idea."

"The man was as sane as you are this moment. No, stop—more so; for you are hesitating to accept a large fortune which I place before you, saying, 'Here, take this for your share. Let us be friends and brothers together, and grow wealthy upon this discovery.'"

He stopped short, after speaking eloquently and well, apparently ashamed of his earnestness, for he subsided at once into a regular drawl, and said,

"I reckon you Englishers have as much go in you as a watch without a mainspring."

"It's a habit we have, friend Caleb Dawson, of looking before we leap."

"Good plan enough sometimes, but fa-*tal* when an Indian's after you with his scalping-iron. Best to leap then and look afterward."

"And do you thoroughly believe in all this?" said Adams, after sitting back thoughtfully for a time.

"Believe in it? There, man alive, what am I to say to you? I can't preach. Here I am, and here's my hand. I'm not going to swear; but I say to you as man to man, Frank Adams, this is all as true as truth; I have perfect faith in it. Join with me, and I'll be like a brother to you through thick and thin, right to the very end. There, I can say no more."

Frank Adams sat back watching him in a cool, calm, impassive way, while the other seemed to throb and glow in his excitement, and an on-looker would have thought how hard and unimpressionable the Englishman was—how his spirits must have been crushed and chilled by the cold and damp of his own land; but he was slow and sure; he was reading the man before him, and calculating in his calm, slow way how far one who was almost a stranger could be trusted. It was a wild scheme, he told himself; but then it was somewhat wild to have come out here to California to seek a living. It would be mad, almost, to enter into such a compact with one he had never seen till within the last few days. But then came the other side. This man evidently loved his sister—so much that he had risked his life for her sake; and in a wild, lawless land, such as the region they were about to seek, where could he find a better man to stand by his side, and whom he could, if needs be, trust to the death?

He sat back, silent, and with knit brows, while the fire seemed to die out of Caleb Dawson's eyes, and, with a quiet shrug, he too sank back in a chair, drew forth a cigar, and began to smoke, looking dull and disappointed. There was a feeling of annoyance creeping up, too, at what he looked upon as his own foolish ardor; and this was widening into anger that he should have laid himself out so before this cold, stony Englishman.

"Well," he said at last—for Frank Adams remained silent—"every one to his own liking, Mr. Adams. I must ask, though, that you will be silent about—"

"Stop!" said Frank Adams, sharply, and his companion stared, for the young Englishman had risen and come forward. "I do things slowly, Dawson, and never without consideration, but when I do undertake a task, I do it to the bitter end. You have made me a grand offer. Coming from some men, I should have said it was a mad speculation, and one in which only madmen would embark; but I believe you, and I trust you. Your American dash shall go with my slow English ballast, and God prosper us through it all! There's my hand on it, and I'm with you to the end."

Before he had half spoken Caleb Dawson had sprung up with flushed brow and flashing eyes, seized the young Englishman's hands in his, and pressed them with a long, fervent grasp, looking the while straight in his eyes with a glance that was as full of truth and trust as the Englishman's own. But no word passed his lips till he released the other's hands, sank back in his seat, relit his cigar, and, now that all was settled, putting sentiment aside, he exclaimed, in a matter-of-fact, nasal tone,

"Let's liquor!"

His hand was stretched out to reach the bell, when he stopped short and listened. Then he started up quick, but without a sound.

"What was that?" he said in a whisper, and he cloaked the whisper, so to speak, by moving an object upon the table.

"What was what?" said Frank, glancing wonderingly at his companion.

"That noise," he whispered, beginning to whistle.

"I heard nothing," said Frank.

"But I did," whispered Dawson, and he set his teeth and held up his finger to command silence.

The next moment he leaned over to Frank, and whispered,

"These walls are like so much pasteboard. The hotel is only wood from top to bottom; and I have been chattering like a magpie about our projects, with some one playing the spy. Adams, old fellow, the game has begun; ours is to be a time of trouble, I'm afraid—brain against brain, hand against hand; so here goes." Then, making a sign to his friend, he whispered, "Answer me aloud, and make the answer long. By-the-way, Adams," he said, "before I ring for the waiter, run over your list of packages. Tell me what you brought with you."

Dawson rattled the match-box as he spoke, struck a light, and kicked a spittoon along the floor, while, taking the cue from his companion and seeing his aim, Frank began to go over the list of agricultural tools he had bought, what seeds he had obtained, and mentioned how they were packed, speaking in a quiet, deliberate way, as he watched his companion's motions.

The room they were in was of paneled pine, and very slight. It was plain enough to both of them now that any one wishing to listen to their conversation might have heard the greater part by holding his ear to a crack, and have seen them merely by thrusting a knife-blade through the panel of the partition or door, and, what was more, they had had the window wide open all the time. They both asked themselves how they could have been guilty of such folly, now it was too late, and the question arose how far it could be counteracted.

Dawson was right—there could be no doubt about that. The first thing to be done was to find out who was the spy, if spy there was; for he might be merely a prying knave, and no enemy, and if so, their fears were wasted; but, on the other hand, they might have been followed to the hotel by one of the scoundrels with whom they had come in contact, and in such a public place there would be no difficulty in such an emissary finding his way up to the door of their room.

Moving silently, while Frank kept on speaking, Dawson crept along by the partition, carefully avoiding the chairs, so as to get round to the door, for it was from there that a faint creak or two had come, and at the end of a minute Frank became aware that there was more in Dawson's words than he had himself anticipated, for there was a faint rasping sound coming very softly but unmistakably from one panel about breast-high, and Frank knew as well as possible that some one was busy with a gimlet boring a hole cautiously through the door, possibly that the actor might obtain a view of those within.

It was hard work to keep on talking in a calm, unconcerned way at such a time, especially with the knowledge that one is being watched, perhaps by more than one eye, and that the object of the hole made in the door may be to enable the scoundrel without to take a good aim at the person within before taking revenge for injuries received by sending a winged messenger made of lead.

But Frank kept it up admirably, his voice never faltering for a moment, while Dawson, creeping softly closer and closer, now stood watching, till a tiny steel point gradually worked its way through the soft pine wood, forcing out one white splinter, which fell to the floor.

Then farther and farther came the gimlet, till a fair-sized hole was made and a reverse motion was observed, but all going on so quietly that, had not the young man's suspicions been aroused,

whoever it was that was busy there would have performed his task uninterruptedly, whatever might have been his aim.

And now, as Dawson stood with one hand outstretched, so as to be within an inch of the handle and drag the door open, the gimlet was withdrawn, and the talking on the part of Adams became one whose difficulties were extreme; but his voice did not fail, and he kept his eyes fixed in another direction, knowing that he was watched, and feeling at the same time an almost unconquerable desire to turn and see the next proceeding on the part of Dawson.

But the suspense was not of long duration; for as Dawson's hand was just about to close upon the handle, and he had gathered himself up, so that by one rapid motion he could throw open the door and seize the eavesdropper, there was a faint sound without, then a tremendous crash, and a head was dashed right through the panel, which splintered in rays, and catching the intruder round the neck, after the fashion of an eel-trap, effectually prevented all retrograde motion. There was a volley of oaths, the sound of blows, and Frank Adams started forward in amaze, as the owner of the distorted countenance strove to get free.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

AT the recent election Mr. DISRAELI met with a small opposition from one TALLY, who tallied just enough votes to render organization against him necessary. The friends of the Premier, out of personal regard for him, came forward and paid the necessary expenses, about $6000, which elicited from that gentleman a letter in which a few interesting personal facts are mentioned. He says, "Buckingham is a county that has ever taken a lead in the public life of England, as evidenced by the fact that out of thirty Prime Ministers since the accession of the reigning House, five have been furnished by Buckinghamshire to the service of the crown and nation."

—The exact language used by the Czar at the banquet given to him by the City of London is as follows:

"My Lord Mayor, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I have to thank you, my lord mayor, for the very kind way in which you have proposed my health, and the company for the way in which they have received it. It has given me great pleasure to come into the city to-day [cheers], and before I sit down I will propose to you the health of the right honorable the lord mayor."

That is about as thin as it could be drawn.

—Bishop BEDELL, of Ohio, preached on the 31st ult. in Christ Church, Cincinnati, his one thousandth sermon, and selected the same text from which he preached his first sermon. It doesn't clearly appear whether the sermon was the old one or one a thousand times younger.

—The late I. GREEN PEARSON, of this city, was the oldest member of the Unitarian Church in New York, and an active member of that body. One of his last acts was signing his name to the testimonial of respect to the former pastor, the Rev. Dr. DEWEY, on reaching his eightieth year. He headed the list of names with a trembling hand and a generous subscription.

—One of the members of the graduating class in the Boston Institute of Technology is a Japanese youth, who in civil engineering holds the highest rank, and is second to none in English composition.

—State Superintendent WICKERSHAM, of Pennsylvania, says that during the last year the people of that State have paid $9,000,000 for school purposes, a larger sum, he believes, than has been paid by any other State.

—Mr. JOHN B. TREVOR, an opulent broker of New York, has extinguished the indebtedness of the Rochester Theological Seminary, amounting to $15,355 29, purchased the lot in rear of the seminary at $5000, given $7000 for the erection of a gymnasium, and $2500 for a fence around the entire property.

—Mr. MAGEE, the British consul who was so outrageously injured and insulted by some of the officials of the Guatemalan government, is to have "every possible reparation." They propose to give him $50,000 for the two hundred lashes they did give him, or $250 for each lash. It is probable, however, that the British government will exact something more than this. They will demand more than mere consolation in cash.

—The jubilation at the dedication of the Memorial Hall at Harvard College on the 23d June will be quite notable. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS will deliver the oration, OLIVER W. HOLMES will read an original poem, and Dr. HENRY W. BELLOWS will offer prayer.

—The late Dr. DE WITT was descended from an aristocratic Dutch family, and although of American birth, was able to preach in Dutch. This can not now be said of any American in New York, and probably not in the country, with the single exception of the Rev. JOHN P. WESTERVELT, of Paterson, New Jersey.

—Mr. E. M. REED, the new vice-president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, began his connection with the road as a locomotive engineer, and by steady advancement became superintendent of the New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield road, and on the consolidation, two years ago, was made superintendent of the whole line. A fine example of Yankee pluck and enterprise.

—Mr. A. G. BROWNE, Jun., the new managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, is a Bostonian, who has passed much of his life at Cambridge. He was bred a lawyer, but became a journalist by preference. In 1856 he was the editor of the Boston *Atlas*, and the next year was invited by Mr. GREELEY to a position on the *Tribune*, which he retained for two years, traveling to Utah, and thence writing excellent letters. He then became the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, subsequently returned to Boston, and formed a law partnership with Governor ANDREW, which was partially maintained during the rebellion. Since then he has held the important office of reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which he resigned to accept his present position.

—Writing to the Boston *Journal*, "Burleigh" says: "There is no minister in New York that is doing more for the masses than young TYNG. He has private schools, charitable institutions and missions, which are very prosperous, and through those he is doing a great work. Among other things he has a farm at Sing Sing for sick and neglected children."

—Mr. ELWOOD E. THORNE, recently elected Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, is a merchant of New York, doing business at 349 Broadway, and in the prime of manhood, being forty-three years of age. Early in life he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was initiated in 1854. In 1857 he came to New York, and joined Prince of Orange Lodge, No. 16, known as having in its membership many gentlemen of great wealth. Of this Lodge he was elected Master in 1861, and served as such for eleven years. In 1872 he was elected Deputy Grand Master, re-elected unanimously in 1873, and on the 4th of June, 1874, reached the highest honor of the order in this State.

—The *Commercial Advertiser*, of this city, thinks that steady subscription to a newspaper is conducive to longevity. A few days since Mr. W. W. SHAW, of New Hampton, Orange County, New York, renewed his subscription to that journal. His grandfather took the paper nearly eighty years ago. Elderly people are beginning to carry copies of the *Commercial* in their pockets as a means to old age. We have seen several worn copies used for that purpose.

—In the first volume of *The Life and Times of John Quincy Adams*, just published, there are some stories about THOMAS JEFFERSON that will attract attention, and present that eminent apostle of democracy in a new light. Mr. ADAMS says that Mr. JEFFERSON'S "itch for telling prodigious stories" and his "strange habit of exaggeration" were remarkable; and instances are given. One of these was that he had learned the Spanish language in nineteen days at sea with the help of a *Don Quixote* and a grammar. On another occasion, speaking of cold, Mr. JEFFERSON said he had seen FAHRENHEIT'S thermometer "in Paris" at twenty degrees below zero, and that not for a single day, but for six weeks together it had stood "thereabouts." At another time he said that "before he went from Virginia to France he had some ripe pears sewed up in two bags, and that when he returned, *six years afterward*, he found them in a perfect state of preservation." Now if this was really the style of T. JEFFERSON'S dinner and social chat, he must either have been in the habit of getting very tight, or else he was an awful—expert at archery.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday,	21.	—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.	—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.	—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.	—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday,	5.	—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	12.	—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.	—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	25.	—St. James.
Sunday,	26.	—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

THE General Synod of the Reformed Church in America met in Poughkeepsie, June 3. The Rev. GOYN TALMAGE was elected president. The Board of Domestic Missions reported that they had given aid to eighty churches and missions; their receipts for the year were $32,629. The Church Building Fund reports a debt of $14,000. The Board of Foreign Missions report contributions to the amount of $55,352. The Endowment Fund and working capital of the Board of Publication have increased $21,471. A revised liturgy, changing the forms of service for marriages, burials, and dedications, but not touching the present forms of administering baptism and the Lord's Supper, was adopted. The use of the revised ritual is left to the option of the churches. A resolution was adopted concurring in the proposal to hold an Œcumenical Council of Presbyterian Churches, and appointing a committee to act in behalf of the Synod. A motion to continue the committee of conference on union with the Presbyterian Church another year elicited a long debate. It was finally decided to continue the conference with both the Presbyterian Churches, North and South, but with a view to co-operation rather than organic union. The conference with the German Reformed Church was also continued another year. The Synod adjourned on Thursday, June 11.

The American Catholic pilgrims were received at Lourdes with much applause from their French co-religionists. On June 9, in company with one hundred American Catholic residents of Rome, they were presented to the Pope at the Vatican Palace. Dr. DEVENGER, who introduced them, expressed the devotion of American Catholics to the papacy. The Pope, in his reply, spoke of the rapid spread of the "faith" in the New World, but said that still false religions prevailed in a large part of it. The pilgrims were personally presented to the Pope. The London *Times*, in commenting on this pilgrimage, expresses surprise that a "race priding itself on its shrewdness and precision of thought should indulge in such antiquated superstitions."

The first appearance of Professor SWING in the pulpit of his church after his trial was quite an occasion. A great audience attended, but no reference to himself was made, save an explanation that he had left the Presbyterian Church for the sake of peace and rest. At the conclusion of the sermon it was stated by one of the elders that a debt of $20,000 remained upon the edifice, which must be liquidated. "Then," says the Buffalo *Courier*, "followed a scene seldom witnessed in a sacred edifice, and in a brief space the amount needed had been raised. One of the subscribers was Mr. HENRY GREENEBAUM, who put down his name for $500, and for the first time in the history of Chicago a Hebrew placed his name on record as helping to sustain the cause of Christ. Among the subscribers was the Hon. 'Long' JOHN WENTWORTH, who, speaking of it afterward, remarked: 'You see, they were all chipping in with their five hundreds and their thousands, and I was about to plank down $500 myself, when that little Jew jumped up and sang out that amount for his bank. I didn't propose to be bluffed by any Jew in Christendom, so I stood up and requested the elder to put down $500 for the Mechanics' Savings Loan and Trust Company and $500 for "Long JOHN."'"

The Established and Free Church Assemblies of Scotland met simultaneously in Edinburgh on the 21st of May. In the former Earl ROSSLYN appeared as her Majesty's High Commissioner. The Rev. Professor TRAIL, of the University of Aberdeen, was elected Moderator; the Rev. Dr. ROBERT STEWART, missionary to Leghorn, Italy, was elected Moderator of the Free Church Assembly. One of the first acts of the State Church body was a general approval of the Duke of Richmond's patronage bill now before Parliament. During the year £278,488 had been contributed by 1173 churches for benevolent purposes; in addition to this is the gift of the Messrs. BAIRD, amounting to £500,000. In the Free Church Assembly the report on home missions showed an income of £15,273, and that on foreign missions an income of £40,000. The Free Church Committee on "Religion and Morals" made a careful and very favorable report on the results of the labors of the American evangelists, Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. It was admitted that but little impression had been as yet made upon the non-church-going population of Scotland.

Great interest has been awakened by recent events in the comparative Presbyterian statistics of Scotland. The Rev. Mr. JOHNSTONE, of Glasgow, has presented the following as the result of careful inquiries: Whole population of Scotland, 3,394,000; State Church population, 1,063,000; Free Church, 790,000; United Presbyterian Church, 474,000; Reformed, 35,000; unclassified Evangelicals, 202,000; total, 2,564,000. The remaining 830,000 of the people are distributed among Roman Catholics, 290,000; Socinians, 10,000; unattached to any Church, 530,000.

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church met in Monmouth, Illinois, May 27. The Rev. Dr. J. G. BROWN, of Pittsburg, was elected Moderator. The Board of Church Extension reported $19,310 receipts for the year. The sum of $73,440 was appropriated for foreign missions the coming year. The project of a Pan-Presbyterian Council was approved, and a consulting committee appointed to represent the United Presbyterians. A resolution was adopted condemning the "Order of Patrons of Husbandry" as a secret society, and advising members of the Church to withdraw from it.

The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church met in Cedarville, Ohio, May 20. Without accepting the plan of a General Council, the Synod appointed a committee to confer with other committees.

Hardly enough notice is taken of the fact that a great Protestant empire is growing up in Australasia. In 1871 the total population of Australia and New Zealand was estimated at 1,920,375. Of these 737,127 were reported as Episcopalians, 263,537 as Presbyterians, 213,436 as Methodists, 45,932 as Independents, 38,941 as Baptists, 49,552 as unclassified Protestants, and 436,436 as Roman Catholics. This would give a total Protestant population of 1,358,525. It is reported that the Protestant churches advance in numbers at a more rapid rate than the total population.

The Prussian Landtag adjourned May 21. The ecclesiastical bills intended to supplement the laws of May, 1873, were passed. These are enforced by the imperial laws depriving contumacious ecclesiastics of their nationality, and sending them into exile. The essence of the second supplementary law is contained in these provisions: No bishop appointed to a vacant see can exercise his official functions till recognized by the state. Every appointee must qualify according to the provisions of the law of 1873, and must swear fealty to the king and obedience to the law. He must also give notice to the Governor-General of the province of his intention to take the office; should the Governor protest, the case must be referred immediately to the Ecclesiastical Court for decision. Every bishop attempting to exercise episcopal functions without taking the oath of allegiance is liable to imprisonment. Any servant of the Church who attempts to "perform ecclesiastical functions" by order of an unrecognized or deposed bishop will be fined and imprisoned. The property of vacated dioceses will be administered by a commissary appointed by the government. If the patron of a living does not fill it within a year in accordance with the law, the choice of a priest falls to the congregation. The meeting to elect a priest can be held by the burgomaster of the town on the petition of ten male members of a parish.

The two important features of the law are that the bishops are subjected to the laws of the state, and the people may choose their priests in certain contingencies. The state also assumes the administration of property of vacated dioceses, and thus can prevent the diversion of their funds.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN the summer is over, and autumn's cool breezes send the loiterers at sea-side and mountain resorts back to their city homes, how many will experience a shock of mingled dismay and indignation as they enter the house so carefully closed in June or July! It is a well-known fact that the summer is the burglar's harvest-time. People who are about to go into the country pack up their valuables carefully in trunks and drawers and closets; they lock them up, and take the keys with them, and then, having barred the windows and doors, they depart with a comfortable consciousness that every thing is safe. But unfortunately burglars are not kept out of a vacant house by bolts and bars: they mark every house that is manifestly closed, and effect an entrance to it with an ease which would amaze the legitimate occupants. Once within, they take their own time to look around for valuables, and nothing escapes their searching eyes. In general they are not detected until their work is done, and only the damage and desolation they have wrought remain as witnesses against them. Wise citizens will not leave in their summer-closed houses valuables which can easily be placed in more secure quarters; and they will find it advantageous to give information of their absence to the superintendent of the police in their vicinity, whereby some special surveillance may be given to the dwelling-house while it is deserted. But almost any house is most secure when left in charge of some reliable family or person, whose presence in the building is a protection.

The art of fine writing is now carried to a very high degree. A machine lately invented by a Mr. Peters, of London, will engrave words, legible under the microscope, so fine that, written on the same scale, the entire Bible could be engraved twenty-two times within the space of one square inch!

Along the banks of the large rivers of the Russian empire, and particularly those of farther Siberia, thousands of tusks are annually dug up which once constituted the weapons of defense of a species of elephant or mammoth now extinct. These form what is called fossil ivory, which supplies almost the whole of the Russian ivory-turner's material.

Seldom has a lady met with a more marked success in artistic pursuits than has Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the daughter of an English gentleman of independent fortune. To natural genius she has added enthusiasm and patient labor. The present season she ventured to send to the Royal Academy in London "The Roll-Call after Battle," which had been painted to order for £120. More than three thousand pictures were refused by the examining committee, but Miss Thompson's was not only accepted, but hung in a conspicuous place. In fact, it is stated that after it had been placed in position, the committee took off their hats and gave three cheers for the first Academy picture of an unknown young lady. The artist suddenly found herself famous. One thousand pounds were offered for the painting, the largest picture dealer in Europe commissioned Miss Thompson to paint a picture for him at her own price, and it was rumored that Queen Victoria herself desired to become the purchaser of "The Roll-Call after Battle." Miss Thompson is represented as modest and attractive in manners and person, as enthusiastic in her work, and deserving of her success, which is as much the result of zealous labor as of natural genius.

Can nothing be done to prevent the yearly plague of grasshoppers? Already from various sections in the West sad reports have come of the havoc made by these destructive creatures. In Iowa and Minnesota some of the land-owners feel wholly disheartened at the prospect, and are threatening to desert their homes. The man who would devise some practicable method of exterminating these pests would be a benefactor of his race.

Young America makes a grave mistake every year. We have heard of the man who seriously inquired on what day New-Year's Day occurred; but it is more strange that so many young folks in this enlightened land think that the Fourth of July comes about the 1st of June. Fire-crackers and torpedoes appear altogether too early in the season, and are thrown about with a recklessness which would be reprehensible even on a day when people expect to be on their guard. But this having the whole of June one long Fourth of July is trying to the nerves of the community—boys excepted.

Four new public baths will be opened on the river front of New York—*some time.* An appropriation of $80,000 has been made for these baths, but it is doubtful whether they can be made ready before the end of the season. Meanwhile the North River bath at the foot of West Eleventh Street and the East River bath at the foot of East Fifth Street are open to the public.

A "woman in white" of some practical utility recently made her appearance in Binghamton—according to report. One night the mother of a family of five was roused from sleep by dreaming that a woman dressed in white stood at the bedside, saying, "Get up immediately; you are wanted." Obedient to the summons, she rose, and on going down stairs found that a lamp left on the table had exploded, and the room was in flames. The fire was soon extinguished—but the "woman in white" had disappeared.

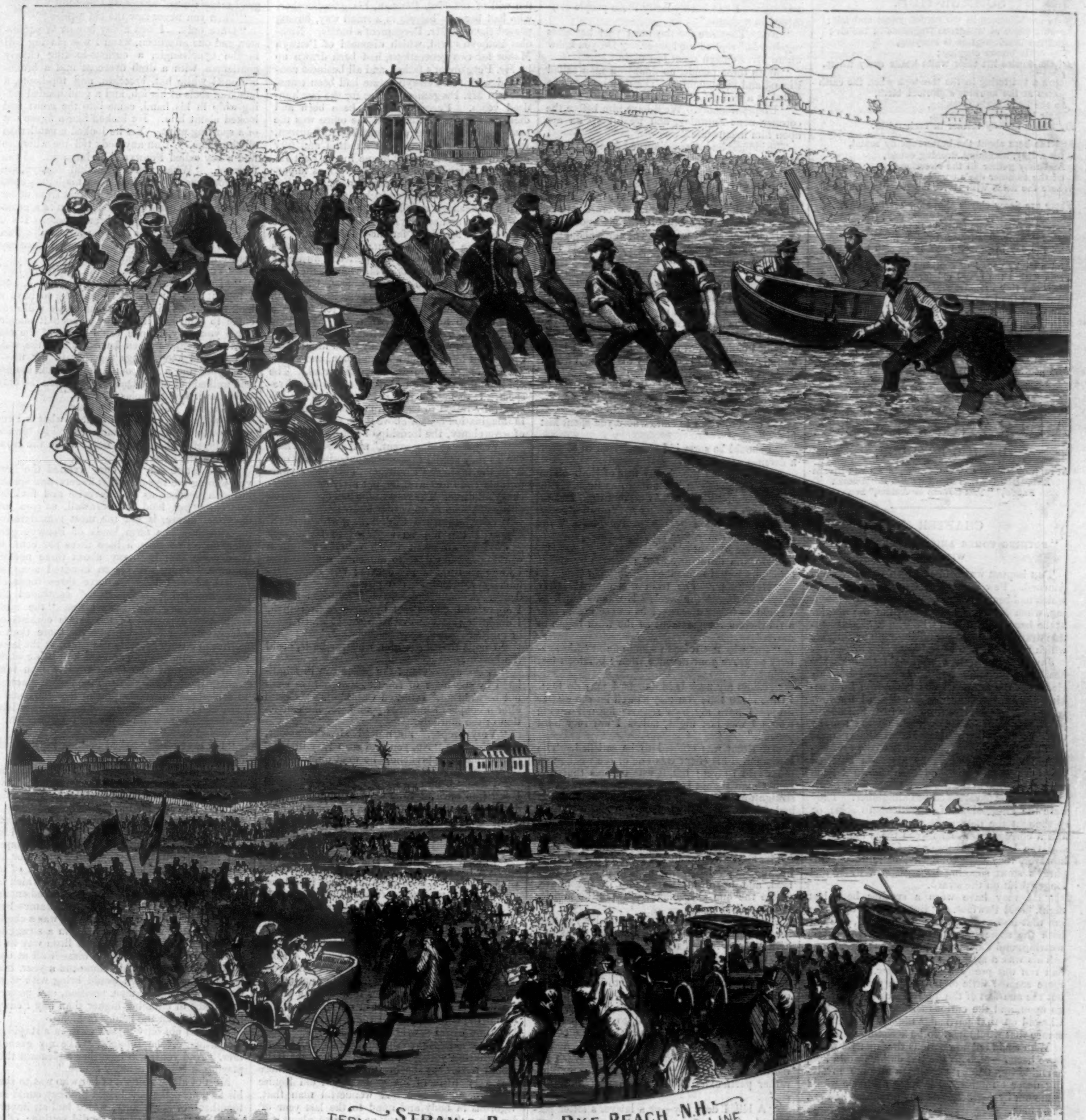
The following story is told of Mr. Barnum. A friend once wrote to him that a certain Mr. Tourgie, of Pennsylvania, "had a nose seven inches in length." Mr. Barnum immediately wrote to Mr. T. to come to New York, and he would pay his expenses. Mr. T. obeyed. One look satisfied the distinguished showman that he was the victim of a practical joke. Without a word, he ascertained what his expenses were, and handed him the amount. Mr. T. saw the sights of the city, and went home a imiring the liberality of showmen.

About a hundred years ago a curious phenomenon occurred in New Hampshire. Loud noises were heard in the vicinity of West River Mountain, which rises to the height of nearly one thousand feet on the east bank of the Connecticut, in the towns of Hinsdale and Chesterfield. On investigation a hole was found near the top of the mountain, apparently caused by the action of internal fire. A black mineral substance, consisting chiefly of melted and calcined iron ore, had been forced out of the hole in a liquid state. The affair attracted considerable attention from scientific men at the time.

Exeter, New Hampshire, contributes the following cat story. Several rats were found in a hogshead that had been left open in a store. Notice was given to the store cat, who climbed to the edge of the hogshead, but, after surveying the situation, jumped down and ran out at the door, shortly re-appearing with another cat. They looked at their foes and retired, soon coming back with a third cat. They now seemed satisfied with their force, and made an attack, jumping into the hogshead. The cats had, however, miscalculated the force of their enemy, and two were killed, the other being taken out in season to save its life.

"Old china" is the rage in London. Scarcely any thing in the way of art commands such exorbitant prices in the auction-rooms of that metropolis as the "highest order" of old china. A few weeks ago 6000 guineas were given for two Sèvres vases by a lavish purchaser. And now three specimens of this costly ware are on exhibition in London, for which more than one dealer has already privately offered 10,000 guineas. The competition for them is expected to be very sharp. They are "jardinières," two fan-shaped, and one resembling, or supposed to resemble, the hull of an ancient ship. The ground color is of the most exquisite tone of what is denominated "rose-du-Barri." On this, within scrolls of deep green, are subjects painted in medallion after the manner of Teniers, and executed in the very first style of that class of art. Flowers and gold tracery fill up other portions of the surface.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—[SEE PAGE 545.]



THE NEW OCEAN CABLE.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

SUMMER-TIDE.

THERE are blossoms in the garden sweet and fair;
There's a sense of wondrous fragrance in the air;
And the meadow-grass is swaying,
The fickle breeze obeying;
And the daisies lift their white heads every where.

There's a twittering in the tree-tops when the earth
Rejoices at the morning's glorious birth,
As the little birds, awaking,
Their leafy nests forsaking,
Fly hither and fly thither in their mirth.

And the bees about the buttercups fly round,
With a lazy, humming, droning sound,
And they gather all the sweetness
Of the summer day's completeness
Where the fields with clover blossoms most abound.

There are fleecy clouds above me soaring high,
Light and lazily, across the azure sky;
There are shadows shifting lightly
As the sunbeams follow brightly;
And the day in peaceful beauty passeth by.

And a silv'ry sound of soothing melody
From within the grand old forest comes to me:
'Tis the tiny brooklet gliding
Beneath the trees, half hiding,
The while it ripples forth its song of glee.

And when day is done the distant evening bell
Ringeth out, while echoes soft the sweet tones swell,
Till the stars, their bright watch keeping,
From the shadowy skies are peeping,
And gentle silence comes at last with us to dwell.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"NOTHING COMES AMISS, SO MONEY COMES WITHAL."

THE inquest was held at two o'clock, and adjourned. Few facts were elicited beyond those which had been in every body's mouth that morning, when Mathew Elgood heard of the murder at the bar of that tavern where he took his noontide dram—the three-pennorth of gin and bitters which revivified him after last night's orgies.

James Penwyn had been shot through the heart by a hidden assassin. It seemed tolerably clear that the murderer had taken aim from behind the ragged hedge which divided the low-lying land by the river from the road just at this point. There were foot-prints on the marshy turf—not the prints of a clod-hopper's bulky boots. The line of footsteps indicated that the murderer had entered the field by a gate a hundred yards nearer the city, and had afterward gone across the grass to the tow-path. Here, on harder ground, the footsteps ceased altogether. They were the impressions of a gentleman's sole; or so thought the detectives, who were anxious to find a correspondence between these foot-prints and the boots of Humphrey Clissold. Here, however, they were somewhat at fault. Humphrey's stout shooting boot made a wider and longer print on the sward.

"He may have worn a smaller boot last night," said Pawfoot. "But they say up at the inn that he has only two pairs, one off, one on, both the same make. I looked at those he's wearing, and they are just as big as these."

This was a slight check to the chain, which had run out pretty freely till now. True that there seemed little or no motive for the crime, but the one fact of the quarrel was something to go upon, and the curious absence of Humphrey Clissold on that particular night was a circumstance that would have to be accounted for.

Who could tell how serious that quarrel might have been?—perhaps the last outbreak of a long smouldering flame; perhaps a dispute involving deepest interests. Further evidence would come out by degrees. At any rate, they had got their man.

Humphrey was present at the inquest, very calm and quiet, and made no statement whatever, by the advice of the local solicitor, Mr. Brent, whose aid he had not rejected. He would have been more agitated perhaps by the fact of his friend's untimely death but for this monstrous accusation. That made him iron.

The inquest was adjourned, the facts being so few; and Mr. Clissold was taken to Eborsham Castle—a mediæval fortress, which our modern civilization had converted into the county jail.

Here he was comfortable enough, so far as surroundings went, for he was a young man of adventurous mind, and tastes so simple that a hard bed and a carpetless room were no afflictions to him.

Mr. Brent, the solicitor, visited him in his confinement, and discussed the facts of the case.

"It's hard upon you both ways," said the lawyer; "hard to lose your friend, and still harder to find yourself exposed to this monstrous suspicion."

"I don't care two straws for the suspicion," answered Humphrey, "but I do care very much for the loss of my friend. He was one of the best fellows that ever lived—so bright, so brimming over with freshness and vitality! If I had not seen him lying in that tavern, stark and cold, I couldn't bring myself to believe in his death. It's hard to believe in it even with the memory of that poor murdered clay fresh in my mind. Poor James! I loved him like a younger brother."

"You have no knowledge of any circumstance in his life that can help us to find the murderer?" asked Mr. Brent.

"I know of nothing. He had picked up some people I didn't care about his being intimate with—strolling players, who are acting at the theatre in this place. But my worst fear was that he might be trapped into some promise of marriage. I can hardly fancy these people concerned in a crime."

"No. They are for the most part harmless vagabonds," replied the lawyer. "Do you know where Mr. Penwyn spent last night?"

"With these people, no doubt—a man called Elgood and his daughter. The man ought to be called as a witness, I should think."

"Unquestionably. We'll have him before the coroner next Saturday, and we'll keep an eye upon him meanwhile."

The inquest had been adjourned for three days, to give time for new facts to be elicited.

"Your friend had no enemies, you say?"

"Not one," answered Clissold. "He was one of those men who never make an enemy. He hadn't the strength of mind to refuse a favor to the veriest blackguard. It was my knowledge of his character that made me anxious about this Elgood acquaintance. I saw that he was fascinated with the girl, and feared he might be lured into some false position. That was the sole cause of our dispute the other night."

"Why did you leave him?"

"Because I saw that my interference irritated him, and was likely to arouse a lurking obstinacy which I knew to be in his nature. He was such a spoiled child of fortune that I fancied if I left him alone to take his own way his passion would cool. Opposition fired him."

"There is only one awkward circumstance in the whole case—as regards yourself, I mean."

"What is that?" asked Clissold.

"Your objection to state where you spent last night."

"I should be sorry if I were driven to so poor a defense as an *alibi*."

"I don't think there's any fear of that. The evidence against you amounts to so little. But why not simplify matters by accounting for your time up to your return to-day? You only came back to Eborsham by the twelve-o'clock train from Spinnersbury, you say."

"I came by that train."

"Do you think any of the porters or ticket collectors would remember seeing you?"

"Not likely. The train was crowded with people coming to the races. It was as much as I could do to get a seat. I had to scramble into a third-class compartment as the train began to move."

"But why not refer to some one at Skinnersbury to prove your absence from Eborsham last night?"

"When my neck is in danger I may do that. In the mean time you may as well let the matter drop. I have my own reasons for not saying where I was last night, unless I am very hard pushed."

Mr. Brent was obliged to be satisfied. The case against his client was one of the weakest in the world as yet; but it was curious that this young man should so resolutely refuse to give a straightforward account of himself. Mr. Brent had felt positive of his client's innocence up to this point; but this refusal disturbed him. He went home with an uncomfortable feeling that there was something wrong somewhere.

Messrs. Pawfoot and Dorkis were not idle during the interval. Dorkis lodged at the Waterfowl, and heard all the gossip of the house, where the one absorbing topic was the murder of James Penwyn.

Among other details the Spinnersbury detective heard Mrs. Marport, the landlady, speak of a certain letter which the morning's post brought Mr. Clissold the day he went away. It came by the first delivery, which was before eight o'clock. Jane, the house-maid, took it up to Mr. Clissold's room with his boots and shaving water.

"I never set eyes upon such a letter," said Mrs. Marport. "It seemed to have been all round the world for sport, as the saying is. It had been to some address in London, and to Wales and to Cumberland, and was all over postmarks. I suppose it must have been something rather particular, to have been sent after him so."

"A bill, I dare say—or a lawyer's letter perhaps."

"Oh no, it wasn't. It was a lady's handwriting. I took particular notice of that."

"Any cress or mornagarm?" asked Dorkis.

"No, there was nothing on the envelope; but the paper was as thick as parchment. Whoever wrote that letter was quite the lady."

"Ah," said Dorkis, "Mr. Clissold's sweetheart, very likely."

"That's what I've been thinking, and that it was that letter, perhaps, that took him off so sudden, and that he really may have been far away from Eborsham on the night of the murder."

"If he was, he'll be able to prove it," replied Mr. Dorkis, who was not inclined to entertain the idea of Humphrey Clissold's innocence. To earn his share of the reward he must find the murderer, and it mattered very little to Mr. Dorkis where he found him.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT THEN, YOU KNEW NOT THIS RED WORK INDEED?"

IN the afternoon of the day succeeding the inquest two persons of some importance to the case arrived at Eborsham. They came by the same train, and had traveled together from London. One was Churchill Penwyn, the inheritor of the Penwyn estate; the other was Mr. Pergament, the family solicitor, chief partner in the firm of Pergament and Pergament, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

Churchill Penwyn and the solicitor met at King's Cross station five minutes before the starting of the five-o'clock express for Eborsham. They were very well acquainted with each other; Churchill's meagre portion, inherited under the will of old Mrs. Penwyn, his grandmother, who had been an heiress in a small way, having passed through Mr. Pergament's hands. Nicholas Penwyn's will, which disposed of Penwyn Manor for two generations, had been drawn up by Mr. Pergament's father, and all business connected with the Penwyn estate had been transacted in Mr. Pergament's office for the last hundred years. Pergaments had been born and died during the century, but the office was the same as in the time of Penruddock Penwyn, who, inheriting a farm of a hundred and fifty acres or so, had made a fortune in the East Indies, and extended the estate by various important additions to its present dimensions. For before the days of Penruddock the race of Penwyn had declined in splendor, though it was always known and acknowledged that the Penwyns were one of the oldest families in Cornwall.

Of course Mr. Pergament, knowing Nicholas Penwyn's will by heart, was perfectly aware of the alteration which this awful event of the murder made in Churchill's circumstances. Churchill had been a cadet of the house heretofore, though his cousin James's senior by nearly ten years—a person of no importance whatever. Mr. Pergament had treated him with a free and easy friendliness—was always ready to do him a good turn—sent him a brief now and then, and so on. To-day Mr. Pergament was deferential. The old friendliness was toned down to a subdued respect. It seemed as if Mr. Pergament's eye, respectfully raised to Churchill's broad pale brow, in imagination beheld above it the round and top of sovereignty, the lordship of Penwyn Manor.

"Very distressing event," murmured the lawyer, as they seated themselves opposite each other in the first-class carriage. This was a comfortable train to travel by, not arriving at Eborsham till three. The race traffic had been cleared off by a special at an earlier hour.

"Very," returned Churchill, gravely. "Of course I can not be expected to be acutely grieved by an event which raises me from a working-man's career to affluence, especially as I knew so little of my cousin; but I was profoundly shocked at the circumstances of his death. A commonplace, vulgar murder for gain, I apprehend, committed by some rustic ruffian. I doubt if that class of man thinks much more of murder than of sparrow-shooting."

"I hope they'll get him, whoever he is," said the lawyer.

"If the acuteness of the police can be stimulated by the hope of reward, that motive shall not be wanting," returned Churchill. "I shall offer a couple of hundred pounds for the conviction of the murderer."

"Very proper," murmured Mr. Pergament, approvingly. "No, you had seen very little of poor James, I apprehend," he went on, in a conversational tone.

"I doubt if he and I met half a dozen times. I saw him once at Eton soon after my father's death, when I was spending a day or two at a shooting-box near Bracknell, and walked over to have a look at the college. He was a little curly-headed chap playing cricket, and I remember tipping him, ill as I could afford the half sovereign. One can't see a school-boy without tipping him. I dare say the young rascal ran off and spent my hard-earned shillings on strawberry ices and pound-cake as soon as my back was turned. I saw him a few years afterward in his mother's house, somewhere near Baker Street. She asked me to a dinner-party, and, as she made rather a point of it, I went. A slowish business, as women's dinners generally are—all the delicacies that were just going out of season, and some elderly ladies to adorn the board. I asked James to breakfast at my club—put him up for the Garrick—and I think that's about the last time I ever saw him."

"Poor lad!" sighed the family solicitor. "Such a promising young fellow! But I doubt if he would have kept the property together. There was very little of his grandfather, old Squire Penwyn, about him. A wonderful man that, vigorous in body and mind to the last year of his life. I spent a week at Penwyn about seventeen years ago, just before your poor uncle was killed by those abominable niggers in Cabool. I can see the Squire before me now, a hale old country gentleman, always dressed in a green coat with basket buttons, Bedford cords, and vinegar tops—hunted three times a week every season after he was seventy years of age—the Assheton Smith stamp of a man. The rising generation will never ripen into that kind of thing, Mr. Penwyn. The stuff isn't in 'em."

"I never saw much of my grandfather," said Churchill, in his grave, quiet voice, which expressed so little emotion save when deepest passion warmed his spirit to eloquence. "My father's marriage offended him, as, I dare say, you heard at the time."

Mr. Pergament nodded assent.

"Prejudice, prejudice," he murmured, blandly. "Elderly gentlemen who live on their estates are prone to that sort of thing."

"He did my mother the honor to call her a shop-keeper's daughter—her father was a brewer at Exeter, in a very fair way of business—upon which my father, who had some self-respect, and a great deal of respect for his wife, told the Squire that he would take care not to intrude the shop-keeper's daughter upon his notice. 'If I hadn't made my will,' said my grandfather, 'it might be the worse for you. But I have made my will, as you all know. I made it six years ago, and I don't mean to budge from it. When I do a thing it's done. When I say a thing it's said. I never undo or unsay. The estate will be kept together for the next half century, I think, come what may.'"

"Just like him," said Mr. Pergament, chuckling. "The man to the life. How well you hit him off!"

"I've heard my father repeat that speech a good many times," answered Churchill.

"Then you never saw the old Squire?"

"Once only. I was a day boy at Westminster, and one afternoon, when I was playing ball in the Quadrangle, a curious-looking elderly gentleman, with a drab overcoat and a broad-brimmed white hat, breeches, and top-boots, a bunch of seals at his fob, and a gold-headed riding-whip in his hand, came into the court and looked about him. He looked like a figure out of a sporting print. Yet he looked a gentleman all the same. 'Can any body tell me where to find a boy called Penwyn?' he inquired. I ran forward. 'What, you're Churchill Penwyn, are you, youngster?' he asked, with his hands upon my shoulders, looking at me straight from under his bushy gray eyebrows. 'Yes, you're a genuine Penwyn; none of the brewer here. It's a pity your father was a younger son. You wouldn't have made a bad Squire. I dare say you've heard of your grandfather?'

"'Yes, Sir, very often,' I said. 'Are you he?'

"'I am. I'm up in London for a week, and I took it into my head I should like to have a look at you. It isn't likely the estate will ever come to you, but if by any chance it should come your way, I hope you'll think of the old Squire sometimes when he lies under the sod, and try and keep things together in my way.' He tipped me a five-pound note, shook hands, and walked out of the Quad; and that's the only time I ever saw Nicholas Penwyn."

"Curious," said Mr. Pergament.

"By-the-way, talking of estates, what is Penwyn worth? My inheritance seemed so remote a contingency that I have never taken the trouble to ask the question."

"The estate is a fine one," replied the lawyer, joining the tips of his fat fingers, and speaking with unction, as of a favorite and familiar subject; "but land in Cornwall, as you are doubtless aware, is not the most remunerative investment. The farm lands of Penwyn produce, on an average, a bare three per cent. on their value, that is to say, about three pounds an acre. There are eleven hundred acres of farm land, and thus we have three thousand three hundred pounds. But," continued the lawyer, swelling with importance, "the more remunerative portion of the estate consists of mines, which, after lying idle for more than a quarter of a century, were re-opened at the latter end of the Squire's life, and are now being worked by a company who pay a royalty upon their profits, which royalty in the aggregate amounts to something between two and four thousand a year, and is likely to increase, as they have lately opened a new tin mine, and come upon a promising lode."

"My grandfather risked nothing in the working of these mines, I suppose."

"No," exclaimed the lawyer, with tremendous emphasis. "Squire Penwyn was much too wise for that. He let other people take the risks, and only stood in for the profits."

They talked about the estate for some little time after this, and then Churchill threw himself back into his corner, opened a newspaper, and appeared to read—appeared only, for his eyes were fixed upon one particular bit of the column before him in that steady gaze which betokens deepest thought. In sooth he had enough to think of. The revolution which James Penwyn's death had wrought in his fate was a change to set most men thinking. From a struggling man just beginning to make a little way in an arduous profession, he found himself all at once worth something like six thousand a year, master of an estate which would bring with it the respect of his fellow-men, position, and power—the means of climbing higher than any Penwyn had yet risen on the ladder of life.

"I shall not bury myself alive in a stupid old manor-house," he thought, "like my grandfather. And yet it will be rather a pleasant thing playing at being a country squire."

Most of all he thought of her who was to share his fortunes—the new bright life they could lead together—of her beauty, which had an imperial grandeur that needed a splendid setting; of her power to charm, which would be an influence to help his aggrandizement. He fancied himself member for Penwyn, making his mark in the House, as he had already begun to make it at the bar. Literature and state-craft should combine to help him on. He saw himself far away, in the far prosperous future, leader of his party. He thought that when he first crossed the threshold of the Senate-house as a member he should say to himself, almost involuntarily,

"Some day I shall enter this door as Prime Minister."

He was not a man whose desires were bounded by the idea of a handsome house and gardens, a good stable, wine-cellar, and cook. He asked Fortune for something more than these. If not for his own sake, for his betrothed, he would wish to be something more than a prosperous country gentleman. Madge would expect him to be famous. Madge would be disappointed if he failed to make his mark in the world. He fell to calculating how long it would have been in the common course of things, plodding on at literature and his profession, before he could have won a position to justify his marrying Madge Bellingham. Far away to the extreme point in perspective stretched the distance.

He gave a short, bitter sigh of very weariness. "It would have been ten or fifteen years before I could have given her as good a home as her father's," he said to himself. "Why fatigue one's brain by such profitless speculations? She would never have been my wife. She is a girl who must have made a great marriage. She might be true as steel, but every body else would have been against me. Her father and her sister would have worried her almost to death, and some morning, while I was marching bravely on

toward the distant goal, I should have received a letter, tear-blotted, remorseful, telling me that she had yielded to the persuasions of her father, and had consented to marry the millionaire stock-broker, or the wealthy lordling, as the case might be."

"Who is this Mr. Clissold?" Churchill asked by-and-by, throwing aside his unread paper, and emerging from that brown-study in which he had been absorbed for the last hour or so.

"A college friend of poor James's, his senior by some few years. They had been reading together in the north. You must have met Clissold in Axminster Square, I should think, when you dined with your aunt. He and James were inseparable."

"I have some recollection of a tall, dark-browed youth, who seemed one of the family."

"That was young Clissold, no doubt."

"Civil of him to telegraph to me," said Churchill; and there the subject dropped. The two gentlemen yawned a little. Churchill looked out of the window and relapsed into thoughtfulness, and so the time went on, and the journey came to an end.

Churchill and the lawyer drove straight to the police station, to inquire if the murderer had been found. There they heard what had befallen Humphrey Clissold.

"Absurd!" exclaimed the solicitor. "No possible motive."

The official in charge shook his head sagely.

"There appears to have been a quarrel," he said, in his slow, ponderous way, "between the two young gents the night previous. High words was over'eard at the hinn, and on the night of the murder Mr. Cliss'll was absent, which he is unwilling to account for his time."

Mr. Pergament looked at Churchill, as much as to say, "This is sgrious."

"Young men do not murder each other on account of a few high words," said Mr. Penwyn. "I dare say Mr. Clissold will give a satisfactory account of himself when the proper time comes. No one in his right senses could suspect a gentleman of such a crime—a common robbery, with violence, on the high-road. In the race week, too, when a place is always running over with ruffians of every kind."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the superintendent, "but that's the curious part of the case. The footsteps of the murderer have been traced. Mr. Penwyn was shot at from behind a hedge, you see, and the print of the sole looks like the print of a gentleman's boot, narrow, and a small heel; nothing of the clod-hopper about it. The ground's a bit of marshy clay just there, and the impression was uncommonly clear."

Churchill Penwyn looked at the man thoughtfully for a moment with that penetrating glance of his which was wont to survey an adverse witness in order to see what might be made of him—the glance of a man familiar with the study of his fellow-men.

"There are vagabonds enough in the world who wear decently made boots," he said, "especially your racing vagabonds."

He made all necessary inquiries about the inquest, and then adjourned to one of the chief hotels, all crowded with racing men, though not to suffocation, as at the summer meeting.

"You'll watch the case in the interests of the family, of course," he said to Mr. Pergament. "I should like you to do what you can for this Mr. Clissold too. There can be no ground for his arrest."

"I should suppose not, he and James were such friends."

"And then the empty purse shows that the murder was done for gain. My cousin may have won money, or have been supposed to have won, on the race-course, and may have been watched and followed by some prowling ruffian, tout, or tramp, or gypsy."

"It's odd that Mr. Clissold refused to account for his time last night."

"Yes, that is curious. But I feel pretty sure the explanation will come when he's pressed."

And then the gentlemen dined together comfortably.

A little later on Mr. Pergament got up to go out.

"There are the last melancholy details to be arranged," he said. "Have you any wish on that point, as his nearest relation?"

"Only that his own wishes should be respected."

"His father and mother are buried at Kensal Green. I dare say he would rather be there than at Penwyn."

"One would suppose so."

"Then I'll go and see about the removal and so on," said Mr. Pergament, taking up his hat. "By-the-way, perhaps, before it's too late, you would like to see your cousin."

Churchill gave a little start, almost a shudder.

"No," he said, "I never went in for that kind of thing."

Justina lived through the day, and acted at night pretty much as she had been accustomed to act; but she saw her audience dimly through a heavy blinding cloud, and the glare of the footlights seemed to her hideous as the fires of Pandemonium. People spoke to her in the dressing-room where she dragged on her shabby finery, and dabbed a little rouge on her pale wan face, and she answered them somehow, mechanically. She had lived that life and among the same people so long that the mere business of existence went on without any effort of her own. She felt like a clock that had been wound and must go its appointed time. She sat in a corner of the green-room, looking straight before her, and thought how her bright new world had melted away; and no one took any particular notice of her.

Mrs. Dempson had been kind and compassionate, and after Justina's fainting fit had dabbed her forehead with vinegar and water, and sat with her arm round the girl's waist, consoling her and reasoning with her, reminding her that they had only known poor Mr. Penwyn a day and a half, and that it was against nature to lament him as if he had been a near relation or an old friend. Who, in sober middle age, when the sordid cares of every-day life are paramount—who, when youth's morning is past, can comprehend the young heart's passionate mystery; the love which, like some bright tropical flower, buds and blooms in a single day; the love which is more than half fancy; the love of a lover of no common clay, but the fair incarnation of girlhood's poetic dream; love wherein the senses have no more part than the phosphor lights of a rank marsh in the clear splendor of the stars?

Justina kept the secret of her brief dream. She thought Mrs. Dempson and even her father would have laughed her to scorn had she told them that the generous young stranger had asked her to be his wife. She held her peace, and shut herself in her garret chamber, and flung her weary head face downward on the flock pillow, and thought of her murdered lover—thought of the bright handsome face fixed in death's marble stillness, and cursed the wretch who had slain him.

Mr. Elgood and his daughter were both subpœnaed for the adjourned inquest. The actor, who rather rejoiced in the opportunity of exhibiting his powers in a new arena, and seeing his name in the papers, appeared in grand form on the morning of the examination. He had brushed his coat, sported a clean white waistcoat and a smart blue neck-tie, wore a pair of somewhat ancient buff leather gloves, and carried a cane which he was wont to flourish as the exasperated father of old-fashioned comedy.

Justina entered the room pale as a sheet, and sat by her father's side, with her large dark eyes fixed on the coroner, as if from his lips could issue the secret of her lover's doom. She had the most imperfect idea of the nature of an inquest and the coroner's power.

The jury were seated round the coroner at the upper end of the room; Mr. Pergament, the solicitor, stood at the end of the table, ready to put any questions he might desire to have answered by the witnesses.

On the right of the coroner, a little way from the jury, sat Humphrey Clissold, with a constable at his side. Nearly opposite him, and next to the lawyer, stood the new master of Penwyn Manor, ready to prompt a question if he saw the lawyer at fault. Churchill and Mr. Pergament had gone into the case thoroughly together, with the Spinnersbury detectives and the local constabulary, and had their facts pretty well in hand.

The jury answered to their names, and the inquiry began—Mr. Pergament interrogating, the coroner taking notes of the evidence. Mr. Elgood was one of the first witnesses sworn.

"I believe you were in the company of the deceased on the night, or rather morning, of the murder?" said the coroner.

"Yes, he supped at my lodging on that night."

"Alone with you?"

"No. Mr. Dempson and his wife, and my daughter, were of the party."

"At what hour did Mr. Penwyn leave you?"

The actor's countenance assumed a look of perplexity.

"It was half past twelve before we sat down to supper," he said, "but I can't exactly say how long we sat afterward: we smoked a few cigars, and, to be candid, were somewhat convivial. I haven't any clear idea as to the time; my daughter may know."

"Why your daughter, and not you?"

"She let him out through the shop when he went away. Our apartments are respectable but humble, over a chandler's."

"And your daughter was more temperate than you, and may have some idea as to the time? We'll ask her the question presently. Do you know if Mr. Penwyn had any considerable sum of money about him at the time he left you?"

"I don't know. He had entertained us handsomely at the Waterfowl on the previous night, and he stood a carriage and any quantity of Champagne to the races that day, but I did not see him pay away any money."

"Did you see him receive any money on the race-course?"

"No."

"Was he with you all day?"

"From twelve o'clock till half past six in the evening."

"And in that time you had no knowledge of his winning or receiving any sum of money?"

"No."

"Do you know of his being associated with disreputable people of any kind—betting men, for instance?"

"I know next to nothing of his associations. There was an old gypsy woman who pretended to tell his fortune by the river-side the day before the races, when he and the rest of us happened to be walking together. He gave her money then, and he gave her money on the race-day, when she was hanging about the carriage, begging for drink."

Churchill Penwyn, who had been looking at the ground in a listening attitude hitherto, raised his eyes at this juncture, half in interrogation, half in surprise.

"Is that all you know about the deceased?" continued Mr. Pergament.

"About all. I had only enjoyed his acquaintance six-and-thirty hours at the time of the murder."

"You can sit down," said Mr. Pergament.

"Justina Elgood," cried the summoning officer; and Justina stood up in the crowded room, pale to the lips, but unfaltering.

Again Churchill Penwyn raised those thoughtful eyes of his, and looked at the girl's pallid face.

"Not a common type of girl," he said to himself.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The announcements for holding the twenty-third meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Hartford, Connecticut, on the 12th of August, have been issued by the secretary, in which we are informed that the head-quarters will be at the State-house, where members will report immediately on arrival. The local committee will soon issue circulars, giving details in reference to accommodations for the members while in Hartford, and the facilities for getting there. Members proposing to attend are requested to send their names and address to Rev. W. L. Gage, secretary of the local committee, Hartford, Connecticut.

Dr. John L. LeConte, of Philadelphia, is President of the coming meeting; Professor C. S. Lyman, Vice-President; F. W. Putnam, of Salem, Permanent Secretary; Dr. A. C. Hamlin, General Secretary; and William S. Vaux, Treasurer. Hon. H. C. Robinson is chairman of the local committee.

In a balloon ascent recently made for scientific purposes by Messrs. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel, the authors ascended to a height of about 22,000 feet, experiencing a temperature at that elevation of —7.6° Fahrenheit. Spectroscopic and physiological observations were particularly attended to. It was noted that of the two obscure bands on the right and left hand of the double line D in the solar spectrum, the right-hand band disappeared at an elevation of about 16,000 feet, while the left-hand band vanished at about 21,000 feet, thus confirming Janssen's opinion that these bands are of terrestrial origin. The observers carried with them cans of condensed oxygen, and found some relief from the effect of the rarefaction of the air by breathing that gas.

Professor Bolton, in a communication presented to the *American Chemist*, suggests the propriety of holding in August next, at some suitable place, a centennial of chemistry, on the ground that the year 1774 was rendered memorable by important chemical activity, and by the fact that many remarkable discoveries were then made, so as to enable us, with entire propriety, to date thence the foundation of the progress of modern chemical science. Among the many discoveries of this period, Professor Bolton cites that of chlorine and of baryta by Scheele, also a memoir on manganese by the same person. Lavoisier, during that year, was engaged in an investigation of the cause of the increase in weight of tin when calcined in close vessels, a research which led to subsequent discoveries of great importance. Other important discoveries were made by different authors, among them that of the existence of alkalies as natural constituents of plants, an improved method of preparing sulphuric ether, the reduction of the oxides of metals by the electric spark, etc.

It is, however, the discovery of oxygen by Priestly, on the 1st of August, 1774, that Professor Bolton considers of transcendent importance, as appropriately fixing the date of the meeting.

As the American Association for the Advancement of Science meets at Hartford the 12th of August, this would seem to be a very suitable occasion for celebrating this centennial, and appropriate ceremonies might be prepared especially for the occasion.

The death of Professor Marcus Joseph Müller, at the age of sixty-five, is announced as having taken place at Munich on the 28th of March.

The German expedition for exploration on the west coast of Africa, according to a letter received by Professor Bastian, has advanced into the interior, and reached Chincato, in the Fangela country, from which it is expected soon to make a further movement into the interior.

The Academy announces the death of Captain Sivert Tobiesen, one of the most eminent and enterprising of Norwegian arctic voyagers, which, although having occurred nearly a year ago, has but recently become known. Captain Tobiesen left Tromsöe on the 21st of May, 1872, with the intention of exploring the northern coast of Nova Zembla, and it appears that he spent the summer following on the west coast, until the ice forced him to go into winter-quarters. One party wintered with some Samoyed families, and returned to Norway in 1873; the other, consisting of Captain Tobiesen, his son, and two sailors, remained near the ship making meteorological observations. The captain was attacked with erysipelas, and died of scurvy on the 29th of April, 1873, and his son Jacob died on the 5th of July. The two survivors put to sea at the breaking up of the ice, and were picked up by a Russian merchantman in October last and brought into Archangel, where they were taken ill, and they have but just returned to Norway and communicated the intelligence referred to.

It is an interesting fact in the economy of certain fishes, especially of those belonging to the family of the Siluridæ, that the mouth constitutes the nest for hatching the eggs, these to the very limited number of from five to twenty being kept in this cavity, usually that of the male, until they are hatched. They are probably caught up after exclusion and fertilization, and retained. Some of these eggs are half an inch in diameter. The fact of this peculiarity in the case of the genus *Arius* and some of its allies in America has long been known; and Dr. Day announces the same condition in certain Indian species of *Arius* and *Osteogeniosus*.

Among the species of fishes more recently suggested as suitable for introduction into fish ponds is one known as the "aland" or "nerfling." Its usual size is about twelve inches, but it sometimes attains the length of eighteen or twenty, with a weight of six pounds. The typical species is colored very much like the ordinary chubs and minnows of American waters. A reddish variety, with colors as brilliant as those of the gold-fish, has been cultivated for a long time in Bavaria, where it is known as "orfee," and was called by Linnæus *Cyprinus orfus*.

The species is now in great request as an ornamental fish for ponds, in consequence of its habit of swimming in schools on the surface of the water, and thus being almost always in sight. It has lately been introduced into England by Lord Arthur Russell, and has been placed in a lake at Woburn Abbey, from which it is probable that it will be distributed into other portions of the United Kingdom.

A writer in the London *Field* remarks in reference to this fish that it forms a parallel to the gold-fish of China, which in its typical form is by no means golden, but olivaceous and silvery, and that the redness represents a peculiar form of albinism, which has become permanent.

The two arctic whalers, Captain David Gray, of the *Eclipse*, and Captain John Gray, in view of the diminution of whales in the arctic seas, have lately turned their attention to the Antarctic Ocean, and have come to the conclusion that whales of a species similar to the right-whale, or Greenland whale, exist in great numbers in the vicinity of the south pole, and that the establishment of a whale fishery within that area would be attended with profitable results. They accordingly propose to leave Peterhead in August for that portion of the antarctic area lying between the meridian of Greenwich and ninety degrees west as being the locality promising the most valuable results. This ground they are to reach in the end of October, and the fishery is to be prosecuted during the four following months, the vessels returning in May. The distance does not exceed 7200 miles from Great Britain, or a two months' easy passage. They recommend the use of two steamers of 800 tons and 120 horse-power.

According to the last report of the British Museum, published in May, 1873, the number of visitors during 1872 amounted to 548,494. This, although considerably less than the number in 1867, 1868, and 1869, shows a decided increase over that of 1870 and 1871. It may be remarked that the public are admitted on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays for a number of hours, varying with the season, and for a portion of the time on Saturdays. Special students, however, may be admitted at any time that suits the convenience of the officers. The Christy collection of ethnology, in charge of Mr. A. W. Franks, and contained in a separate building, is open on Fridays only. For comparison with the acquisitions of our museums, it may be remarked that, according to this report, 7524 specimens in zoology were added in 1872, of which 2964 were vertebrates, and the remainder invertebrates. This would be considered rather a small allowance by either the museum at Cambridge or the National Museum at Washington. The British Museum, however, derives comparatively little from the contributions of government explorations, or from the special efforts of persons connected with the establishment, the additions being largely by purchase with the funds so richly provided by the Houses of Parliament.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Dr. Abernethy rarely met his match, but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an innkeeper who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scored his face with her nails so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?" "Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?" Upon this her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned on his heel, and owned himself beaten for once.

Bob Peters was too bashful to pop the question, but he sent a ring to Clara, with these lines:

"This ring that's inclosed will you please to retain?
May it grace your dear hand when we next meet again!
I'm aware 'tis a trifle, but still it will show
What I tremble to ask, yet am dying to know.
"R. P."

Now Clara was somewhat witty, and she resolved to punish Bob's vanity. Accordingly, the next day she sent one of the servants with a dainty little note addressed to Mr. Robert Peters, with the ring inclosed. Bob broke the seal, and read as follows:

"If you mean by your *trembling* that you have obtained
That awful disease by the 'Faculty' named
The fever and ague, and sometimes the shakes,
I advise you at once to get some quinine—
Take a spoonful or so, and mix it with wine—
Then swallow a dose; it will cure all your aches."

Ben Zine asked O'Shea, "How is it that the most reliable account of the deluge makes no mention of Irishmen having been taken into the ark?" "Divil a one was there," said O'Shea. "How, then, was the race perpetuated?" queried Ben. "Faith," said O'Shea, "in those days the Irish were wealthy, and had a boat of their own."

A peddler calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road on which no peddler had traveled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one, and that's the road to heaven."

Why is a lawyer the worst sleeper in the world?—Because he first lies on one side, then he lies on the other, and he is wide awake all the time.

Ye pigge he is a pretty fowle,
And wondrous good to eat;
Hys ham is good, lykewyse hys jowle,
And eke hys little feete.
But though you try a thousand years,
I trow you still will fayle
To make a silk purse of hys eare,
Or wissel of hys tayle.

If a man is getting shaved in a barber's shop, and a fly alights on his nose, and he gives his head a twitch to remove the fly, during which the barber removes a slice of the man's ear, who is to blame—the man, or the barber, or the fly, or the ear, or the razor?

To a friend who had married a lady who was on the point of taking the veil, Jerrold said, "Ah, she evidently thought you better than *nun!*"

Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. An old bachelor adds, "Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you, the more you are ruined."

A great Object in Life—A giant.

Corvisart, a physician of celebrity during the early portion of this century, was lamenting to the Abbé Sykes the death of Dr. Backer. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical aid he died," said he, "for in the last days of his illness we—Halle, Portal, and myself—did not quit him for a single instant." "Alas!" interrupted the witty abbé, "what could he do against three of you?"

A CONSTANT PATRON OF THE TURF.

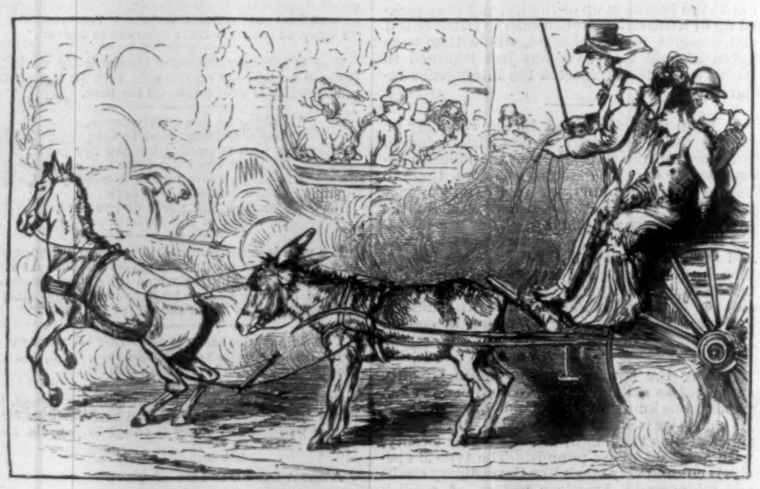
A PUZZLE IN EARLY MORNING—"WHICH IS THE ONE WE HAVE BACKED?"

A POPULAR JOCKEY AND HIS ADMIRERS.

THE CARES OF A CLERK OF THE COURSE.

THE SORROWS OF A STARTER.

A GYPSY GINGER-BEER STALL.



A SUBURBAN TANDEM.

WOMAN ASSERTING HER RIGHTS ON THE ROAD HOME.

STUDIES AT SUBURBAN RACES.

AN OLD LANDMARK.

ANOTHER relic of the olden time is about to disappear from the face of the earth. The members of the First African Church, Richmond, Virginia, with true American lack of veneration for old things and old buildings, are preparing to demolish and rebuild their ancient house of worship, the oldest colored church in America, if not in the world.

It stands on Broad Street, a few blocks above the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Dépôt, and is a long, low, irregular building of gray brick, with little in its architecture or surroundings to attract attention. Built in 1802, it was the first Baptist church erected in Richmond. Previous to the Revolution the Baptists were a proscribed sect in Virginia, and the preaching of their doctrines was a crime to be punished with stripes or imprisonment; consequently they have no church edifices of earlier date than the removal of this proscription in 1785. This one was owned at first by a white congregation, and JOHN COURTNEY, more widely known as Father COURTNEY, one of the pioneers of the Baptist denomination in Virginia, was its first pastor. Years afterward its white members, increasing in wealth and numbers, moved a couple of squares up town, and built the First Baptist Church, at the corner of Broad and Twelfth streets, leaving the old edifice to the colored communicants of the same congregation. It was deemed best for the interests of the church that it should be as far as possible self-supporting, and the lot and building were sold at a nominal price instead of being given to the colored people. They were to pay for it by installments as they were able, and the debt has long ago been discharged.

Meantime it was regarded as an offshoot from the white church; and as, under the laws of Virginia, slaves, who composed the bulk of its congregation, could hold no property independently of their masters, the title to church and lot was vested in a board of trustees, composed of prominent members of the parent church, who held the property in trust for its colored congregation.

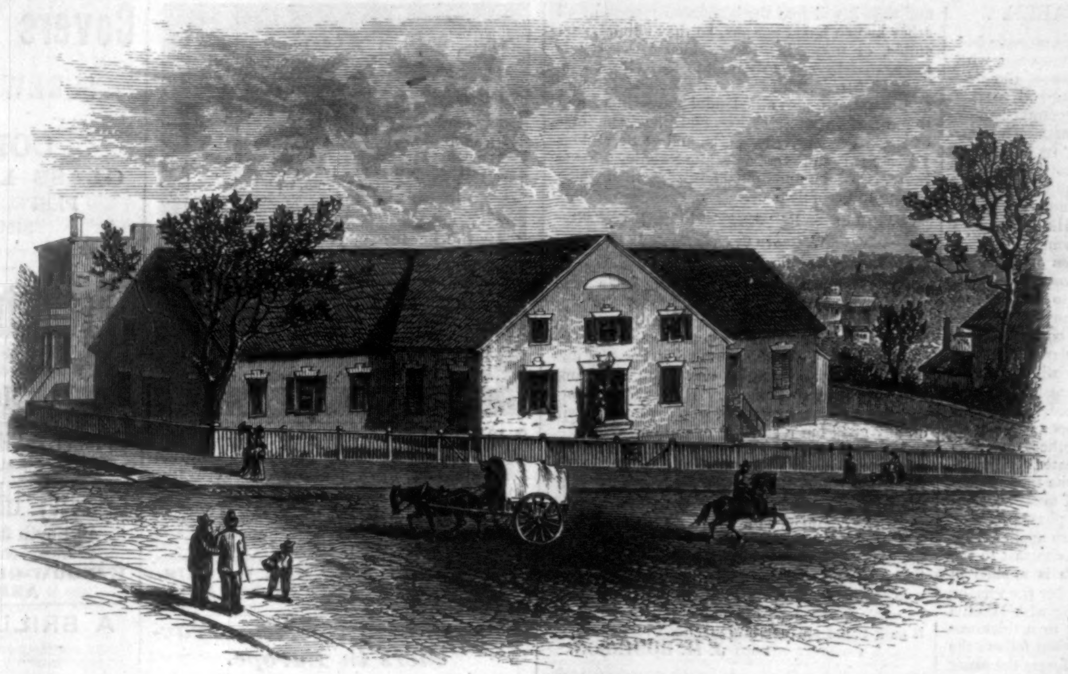
After the Southampton insurrection, in 1831, all assemblages of slaves, religious or otherwise, were prohibited by law unless at least two responsible white persons were present. These trustees, therefore, in turn attended all services held in the church until after the evacuation of Richmond and its occupation by the Federal troops in 1865.

In 1811, when the theatre on the square above it was destroyed by fire with such fearful loss of life, this building gave shelter to the dead and dying, and on its bare benches and uncarpeted floors were laid the sufferers rescued from the flames. Its size and convenient location have made it play an important part as the scene of political gatherings. Here it was that JEFFERSON DAVIS made his last speech in the Confederate capital as President of the Confederate States, and here that the first Republican Convention held in Virginia assembled in 1865. It is often used for political mass-meetings, and the negroes show their respect for the sanctity of the edifice by opening all such gatherings with hymn-singing and prayer—a practice which has become a stock subject for jest with fun-loving newspaper reporters.

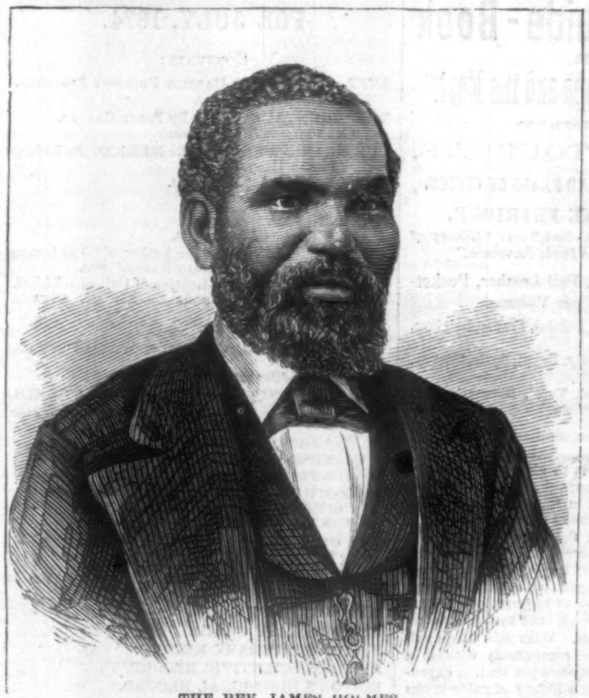
The present pastor, Rev. JAMES HOLMES, is a colored man born in Richmond. He has considerable talent and a fair education, is of some repute as an orator, and a man of note among his own people. A corps of colored deacons assist him in his pastoral duties, and attend to the secular affairs of the congregation. These visit the sick, conduct prayer-meetings and minor funerals, and see that church members conform to the rules of the church—help much needed in a congregation in which nearly four thousand names are upon the list of communicants—a congregation, next to SPURGEON'S, perhaps the largest in the world. The congregational singing and the colored choir who lead it have long been famous in Richmond, and when the multitude of negro worshipers who throng the house every Sunday unite in singing the weird hymn tunes of their race the effect is very fine, and the scene impressive in its solemnity.

A great revival has recently taken place among the colored people of Richmond, and this church has counted the additions to its membership by hundreds. They hold the creed of their color, which places dancing among the cardinal sins, and a score of communicants were not long since expelled at one time for this offense.

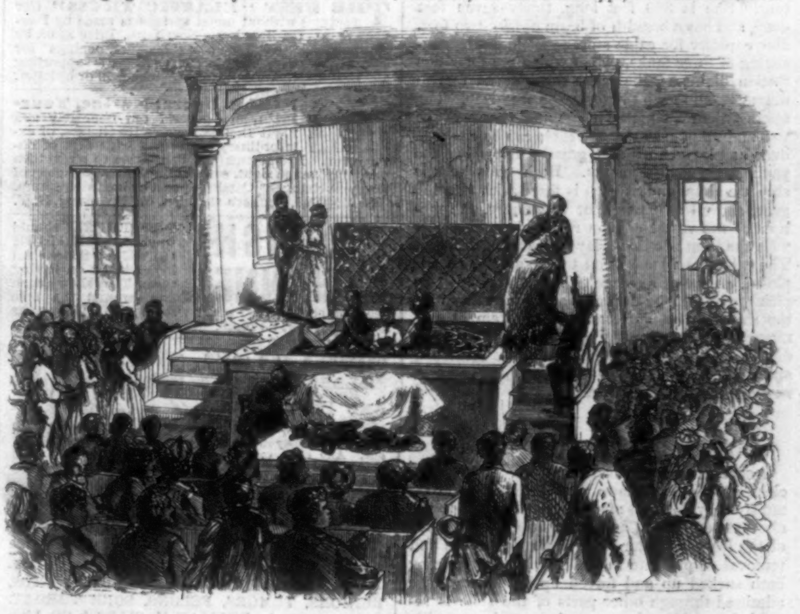
In spite of repeated additions to the church edifice, it is still much too small for its immense congregation, and the plans for the new building which is to rise upon its site are already in the hands of the builder.



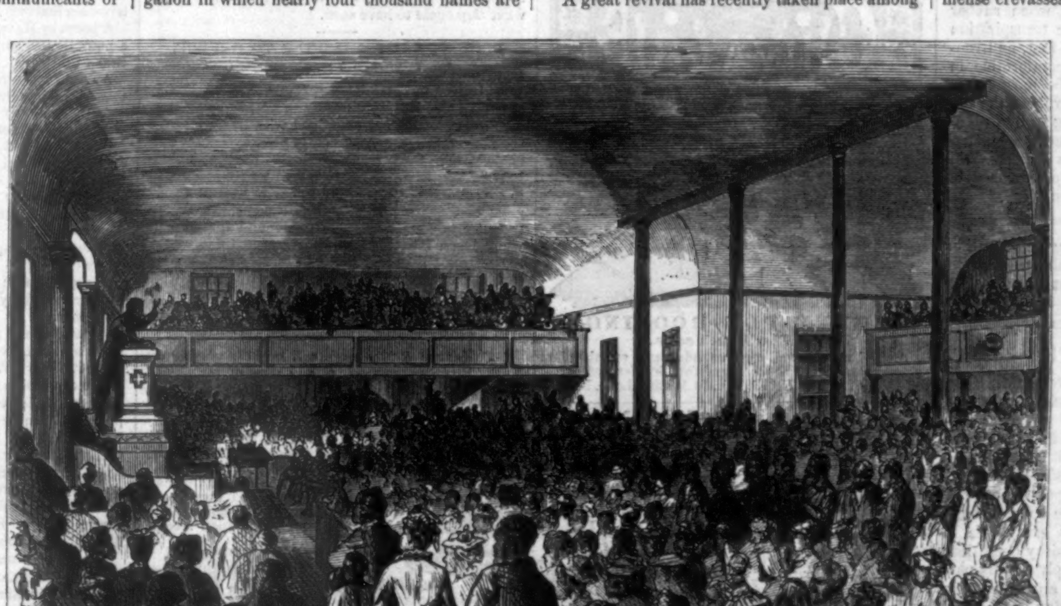
EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.



THE REV. JAMES HOLMES.



A BAPTIZING.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, FROM THE WESTERN WING.

THE FIRST AFRICAN CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

A FRIEND IN NEED.

MR. HENRY G. CROWELL, who was sent to New Orleans for the purpose of ascertaining what use was made of the fund contributed by the citizens of Boston for the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi overflow, and what further assistance might be required, gives a very striking picture of the desolation and distress prevailing in the inundated regions. The calamity in extent and consequences is one of the greatest that has occurred in this country. In order to see for himself the nature of the devastation wrought by the floods, Mr. CROWELL visited Brashear, eighty miles west of New Orleans. The last twenty miles of his journey lay through an unbroken flood, varying in depth from three to six feet, which poured through distant crevasses in the Mississippi, and flooded an immense region. He also went up to Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, two hundred miles above New Orleans, where he witnessed the vast volumes of water pouring like rivers through immense crevasses and spreading over the country.

The condition of the sufferers by this unprecedented overflow is terrible; and as months must elapse before food can be raised in the inundated regions, the people whose homes and lands have been desolated can escape the horrors of famine only through the prompt assistance of the citizens of other States. The appeal has not been made in vain, but much remains to be done. On the 8th of June Governor KELLOGG, of Louisiana, telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the relief committee was issuing 40,000 rations daily, and in some districts were compelled to restrict the relief to women and children. The people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities of the North, who have already responded so liberally to the cry of distress, will not leave the work half finished. As in Mr. REINHART'S excellent cartoon on page 540, Louisiana will not call in vain upon her sister States for sympathy and support. The more wealthy and prosperous cities and churches of the North need only to be made aware of the terrible destitution among the people of the inundated regions to send them abundant aid; but it should be borne in mind that to be available for the prevention of suffering, this aid must be sent without delay. The necessity is most urgent, and not an hour should be lost.

THE NEW OCEAN CABLE.

The admirable illustrations given on page 541 can not fail to be of interest in connection with the laying of the coastwise portion of the new cable that is to extend from England to this country. This was successfully accomplished by the steamer *Faraday* on the 8th inst. The new line is to be an independent one, in opposition to the four cables already laid, and promises to greatly reduce the cost of telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New. The coastwise line extends from Halifax to Rye Beach, near Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The new cable is now in process of manufacture at the establishment of the Messrs. Siemens, at Charlton, England. It is said to differ in one or two important features from any cable hitherto manufactured. The core is composed of a thick copper wire, encircled by eleven very fine copper wires, served with four coatings of gutta-percha, and when complete measuring about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The usual form of core is a "strand" of copper wires, *i. e.*, several small wires twisted together rope-like fashion, but it is thought that greater conductivity will be obtained by adopting the thicker central wires, although the core itself must necessarily, if made on this plan, be less pliable.

The coatings of gutta-percha are applied from the soft mass of that material, in contrast to the serving with India rubber, which is applied in long, narrow strips or layers. After the serving with gutta-percha comes a serving with Manilla hemp, which brings the core up to a thickness of three-quarters of an inch, and then follows the sheathing with iron wire, which forms the outer covering of all. Ten iron wires are employed for this purpose, but before being applied to the cable they are each wound with five strings of Manilla hemp, so as to impart greater strength, and, perhaps, to some extent, protect them from the action of water.

The *Faraday* is a novelty in cable ships. She is an iron ship of 5000 tons register, but equal to carrying a gross burden of nearly 6500 tons. She is 360 feet long, thirty-seven feet deep, and has a breadth of beam of fifty-two feet. Her capacity for cable storage is immense, consisting of three tanks, two of which are forty-five feet in diameter, the other thirty-seven feet in diameter, and each twenty-seven feet deep. The testing-room is situated in the angle between the two main tanks, so that the cable can be changed over at pleasure without greatly disturbing the paying-out arrangements. Both ends of the ship are alike, and as each is fitted with steering gear, as well as paying-out machinery, the motion of the vessel can be reversed at pleasure, with the least possible delay to the work in hand. The cable machinery is on the combined principle—*i. e.*, it can be made either to pay out or to pick up, as may be desired—and as the stern of the ship can be converted into its stem at any moment, any hitch in the operations can be remedied with a minimum amount of inconvenience and delay. The new cable will probably be laid next September.

DAMP FEET.

According to Orlowsky, of St. Petersburg, close observation shows that the absorption of moisture by the soles of shoes is mainly due to the alternate expansion and contraction of the pores of the leather, under the alternate pressure and removal of pressure in walking, the water being both sucked up and forced up. The moisture admitted through other parts of the shoe is regarded as trifling in comparison, and as readily removed by transpiration. The cause of the failure of the numerous devices to remedy this, he considers, has been the want of proper attention to the construction of the sole, and the fastening of it directly to the upper, when rubber was employed, thus checking the transpiration of the moisture of the sole of the foot, and rendering it cold in winter and uncomfortable in summer. Regarding rubber as the most suitable material, he claims to have avoided the defects of all previous plans for using it, by fastening a gum sole on to a very thin, not too strongly arched, shoe sole, by means of a peculiar cement, and drying it for an hour. Specimens were exhibited at the Vienna Exposition.

In connection with our full-page illustration of the Boston Nine, we would call attention to Peck & Snyder's advertisement on the last page.—[*Com.*]

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

See Deuteronomy, chap. xii., verse 23. The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile, festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eruptions, also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Diseases, all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. Grove Station, Ia., July 14, 1872.

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of $125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16th, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood purifier and strength restorer.

J. M. ROBINSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

THE BEST "ELASTIC TRUSS" (for rupture) without metal springs is made by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York. Price $4 00, by mail. They also sell the best "Elastic Stockings" for enlarged veins, weak joints, &c., and Elastic supporting and Riding Belts. Apply to them in person or by letter.

FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

ENGLISH CHANNEL

PRETTY FEET should be shod in ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. All ladies insist on having them. They show a dark line around the sole near the edge. They never wear ragged. They wear longer and cost no more.

Lovejoy's New Style GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE

Cuts glass better than a diamond. Everybody should have one. Any child can use it. Sent to your address on receipt of 50 cents and stamp by

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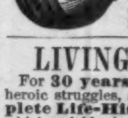
PAINS IN THE BACK, RHEUMATISM, ENLARGED JOINTS OF THE FEET OR HANDS, BUNIONS, TUMORS, FELONS, SORE THROAT. Cure guaranteed. WILLIAM M. GILES & CO. Liniment, *IODIDE OF AMMONIA.* Depot, 451 Sixth Avenue, New York; also, HUDNUT, *Herald* Building, Broadway, corner Ann Street.

CHIVALRIE

That splendid New Field Game which created such an excitement at Newport, Long Branch, and elsewhere, last season, will be brought out this SPRING, in sets, of 8 different styles, at following prices: $8 00, $12 50, $25 00, $50 00, $100, $250, $500, $1000. As this beautiful game can not be described in a brief space, we will send an Illustrated Catalogue containing rules and full description, free to any one, on application. WEST & LEE GAME CO., Worcester, Mass.

THREE PLY ROOFING,
In Use Ten Years.

A good article, well recommended, and suitable for either steep or flat roofs. Send for Circular and Samples. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.



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Pipes and holders cut to order, repaired, and Boiled. 27 John St. Send for circular. P. O. Box 5009.

LIVINGSTONE IS DEAD.

For **30 years** millions have intently watched his heroic struggles, and now eagerly desire the **Complete Life-History** of this world-renowned hero, which unfolds also the curiosities and wealth of a wonderful country. It is just ready. One agent sold **184** in six days. For particulars address **HUBBARD BROS.,** either Philadelphia, Boston, or Cincinnati, O.

W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute. Agent for *Tilton's Patent Guitars,* the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues free. 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

THE TOLL-GATE! Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGINES, Boilers, Pumps, and Tools. SHEARMAN, 45 Cortlandt St., New York.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures by its mild, soothing and healing properties, to which the disease yields, when Remedy is used **warm** and system put in perfect order by the wonderful **alterative** power of **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** taken earnestly, to correct blood and system, which are always at fault, also to act specifically upon diseased glands and lining membrane of nose and communicating chambers. Catarrh Remedy should be applied **warm** with **Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche,** the only instrument with which fluid medicine can be *perfectly* applied to all parts of passages and chambers in which ulcers exist and from which discharge proceeds. So successful has this treatment proven, that the proprietor offers **$500 Reward** for a case of "*Cold in Head*" or *Catarrh* he can not cure. The two medicines with instrument **$2,** by all druggists.

Self-Propelling Chairs.

For CRIPPLES and INVALIDS.
Can be *easily* propelled, either
in or out doors, by any one hav-
ing the use of hands.
State your weight, and send
stamp for illustrated catalogue
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Please mention this paper.
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FROM THE U. S. MINISTER TO GREECE.
(*Late U. S. Consul General at Paris.*)

55 Rue de Chateaudun, Paris, *Sept.* 10, 1873.

My Dear Mr. Fetridge:

I have received and examined with lively interest the new and extended edition of your extremely valuable "Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East." You have evidently spared no time or pains in consolidating the results of your wide travel, your great experience. You succeed in presenting to the traveller the most valuable guide and friend with which I have the good fortune to be acquainted. With the warmest thanks, I beg you to receive the most cordial congratulations of yours, very faithfully,

John Meredith Read, Jr.

W. Pembroke Fetridge, Esq.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Great Britain, on receipt of the price.*

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC WEATHER HOUSES

Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by

ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

A.—PAVILION HOTEL; **New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.,** is now open. Parties wishing fine, large, airy rooms should apply immediately. Fresh and salt water Baths in the house. Boats leave every half hour from foot of Whitehall and Dey Streets. Terms moderate.
BARR & CUTLER, Proprietors.

BLUING.—30c. Will Buy one year's supply of the best Bluing ever used. Inclose 25c., with a stamp for Receipt, to **J. E. Chambers,** P.O. Box 2803, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. For sale by all druggists.

Covers in One Piece,
WITH
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MAKE THE
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GLASS LID FRUIT JARS
PERFECT IN TEST,
SIMPLE IN USE,
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Protector Fruit-Jars,

Used by thousands of customers with entire satisfaction for several successive seasons, have
ANTI-RUST-LINED METAL TOPS,
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SIMPLER & CHEAPER THAN OTHER JARS.
Write for Circular, or Sample by Express, to
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MANUFACTURERS
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A BRILLIANT NUMBER.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1874.

Contents:

LEFT ASHORE. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.
With Three Illustrations.
THE MOUNTAINS.—IX. By Porte Crayon.
With Thirteen Illustrations.
OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR: MEXICO. By Bishop Gilbert Haven, D.D.
With Seventeen Illustrations.
MY SLAIN.
MARBLEHEAD.
With Nineteen Illustrations.
THE LIVING LINK. By the Author of "The Dodge Club," "The American Baron," etc.
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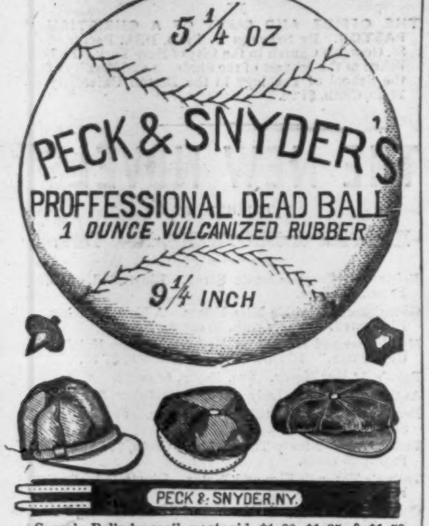

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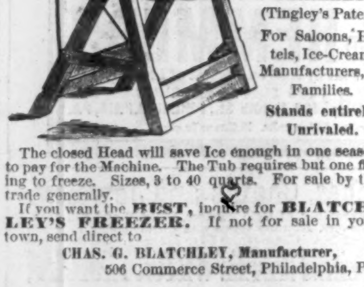

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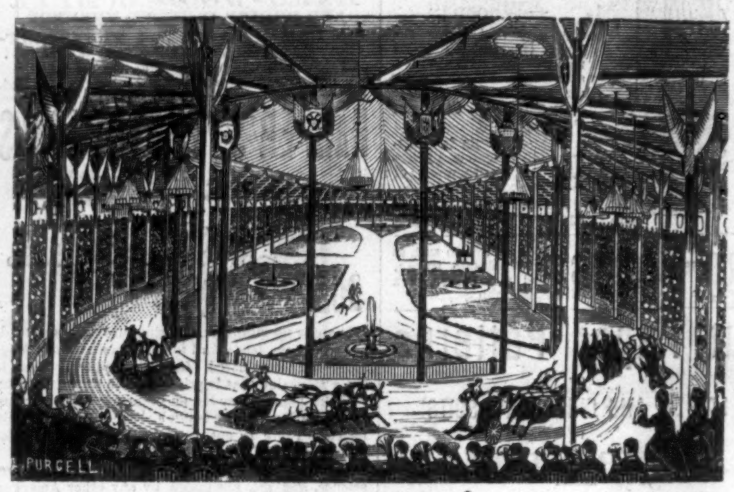

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THE POISON CUP.

POISON AND POISONERS.

THE first use of poison of which we have any record was in the service of superstition. The magicians, who found it convenient for their purposes, transmitted to their adherents a formula of those lethiferous beverages by means of which they accomplished their ends, either of hate or ambition. They had some poisons whose action was instantaneous, and others which weakened the springs of life slowly. They possessed some which gave the deadly stroke by the most agonizing pangs, and more which, on the contrary, had a pleasurable effect, under the influence of which the individual yielded up his last breath.

The sacerdotal college which established its peculiar theocratic government in Egypt made frequent use of this perfidious art. More than one indocile prince, more than one king, was suddenly stricken with death; and in the eyes of the people they made this death assume the significance of the wrath of Osiris. Among the Jewish people the right of preparing poisons belonged to certain families. Their power, increasing by the fear inspired by the reputation they possessed, was checked by MOSES, who forbade, under pain of death, that any one should keep in his house any poisonous substance. Among the Greeks, from the commencement of the heroic ages to their decline, the murderous art of poisoning made great progress. In Thessaly and Colchis, above all, it reached a frightful facility. Medea, Circe, Hermonida, Mycale, LOCUSTA, and many others of whom history transmits the names efface by their abominable fame the reputation of all the poisoners since known; and if we are permitted to judge by the facts which the allegories of those remote times hide, the art of preparing poison had arrived at a fearful degree of perfection.

In the time of POMPEY the Roman senate preserved a national poison, strange as the term appears, for stated occasions. When dishonor or irreparable reverse had placed any individual in that condition which he could not survive without enduring the social ruin certain to result, he had the right to demand this poison from the magistrates, to whom it was committed. They, however, were the judges alone whether the circumstances warranted the application of this most shocking remedy. It was under the CÆSARS, above all, that poisons made on every side the greatest ravages. The highest personages of the empire were no more respected. Rank or station, age or honor, gave shelter no more. Some quarters of Rome were decimated, and entire families disappeared. When NERO and TIBERIUS reigned, the execrable LOCUSTA aided those crowned barbarians so much in this way that every honor and every wealth were heaped upon her. Under each emperor she used her fell powers upon many a patrician, and they appreciated her services so highly that they gave her disciples to learn her deadly skill from her. Her life became a terror to the city of Rome.

After the invasion of the Mohammedans the secrets of the old poisoners were scattered with

them over the West. Through the Middle Ages they transmitted their deadly skill, until Europe became infested with poisons. It was a lawless time, and hence we need not be surprised that this frightful art was not only practiced by obscure persons and in secret, but by members of the most elevated ranks, and in the full glare of day. The BORGIAS, of execrable memory, infected Italy with their poisons. Before their vengeance or their purpose nothing was sacred. To one of this family belongs the reputation of having made a poison more violent and more certain than all the known poisons of the time. The extraordinary ingenuity by which it was obtained is related by contemporary historians. It is said by them that, having suspended a pig by its hind-feet, his head hanging to the ground, in that position the animal was tortured as many days as he should live by being beaten and stabbed, until the brute had arrived at a state of morbid fury and showed symptoms of frantic rage; then, having collected his foam, it was mixed with another virulent poison kept in a golden phial. This poison, of a wonderful activity, was called canterella, because the unhappy victims to whom it was administered perished while making the air resound with their frightful shriekings.

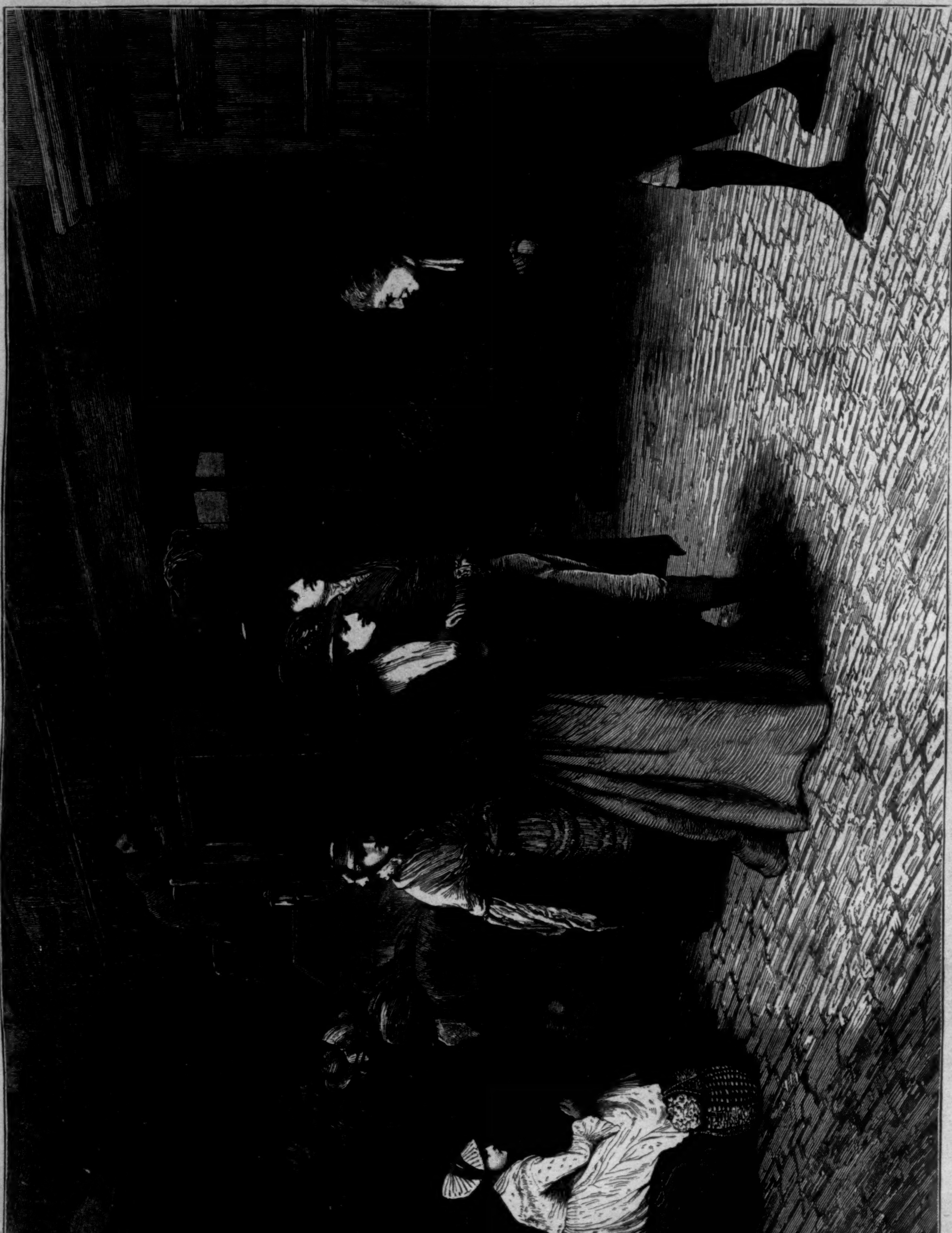
At last the ability for poisoning reached its highest development of criminal ingenuity. Poison was administered with a deadly skill which no caution could prevent. It was introduced into the system not only in the food and drink, but also by the absorbents of the skin and by the respiration. In the common articles of the toilet it found its efficient vehicles for crime. In the composition of pastes, of powders, toxic vapors and waters, the molecules of death found a way to enter.

A prince of the sixteenth century in this way was poisoned by a letter. JEANNE D'ALBRET was poisoned by a pair of silk gloves presented to her by CATHERINE DE MEDICIS. A noble Venetian lady accomplished the same crime at a ball by a mask which she gave to her betrothed husband. The celebrated SACCHIAS assures us that an enemy of Pope CLEMENT VII. poisoned his holiness by the smoke of a wax-candle; and the same authority tells us of a dignitary of the Church who was poisoned by respiring an odorous pastille. Madame BRINVILLIERS poisoned many persons with a face powder, with almond paste for whitening the hands, with rouge, with garments, and with jewels prepared with poison.

AUTOLYCUS.

ACCORDING to the Greek legend Autolycus was the son of Mercury and Chione, and was renowned for his cunning as a thief and liar, possessing the power of metamorphosing both himself and the things stolen. He appears as a roguish peddler in SHAKSPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*, and in this character is represented in the engraving shown on the following page. He is here supposed to be singing the well-known lines:

"Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears."

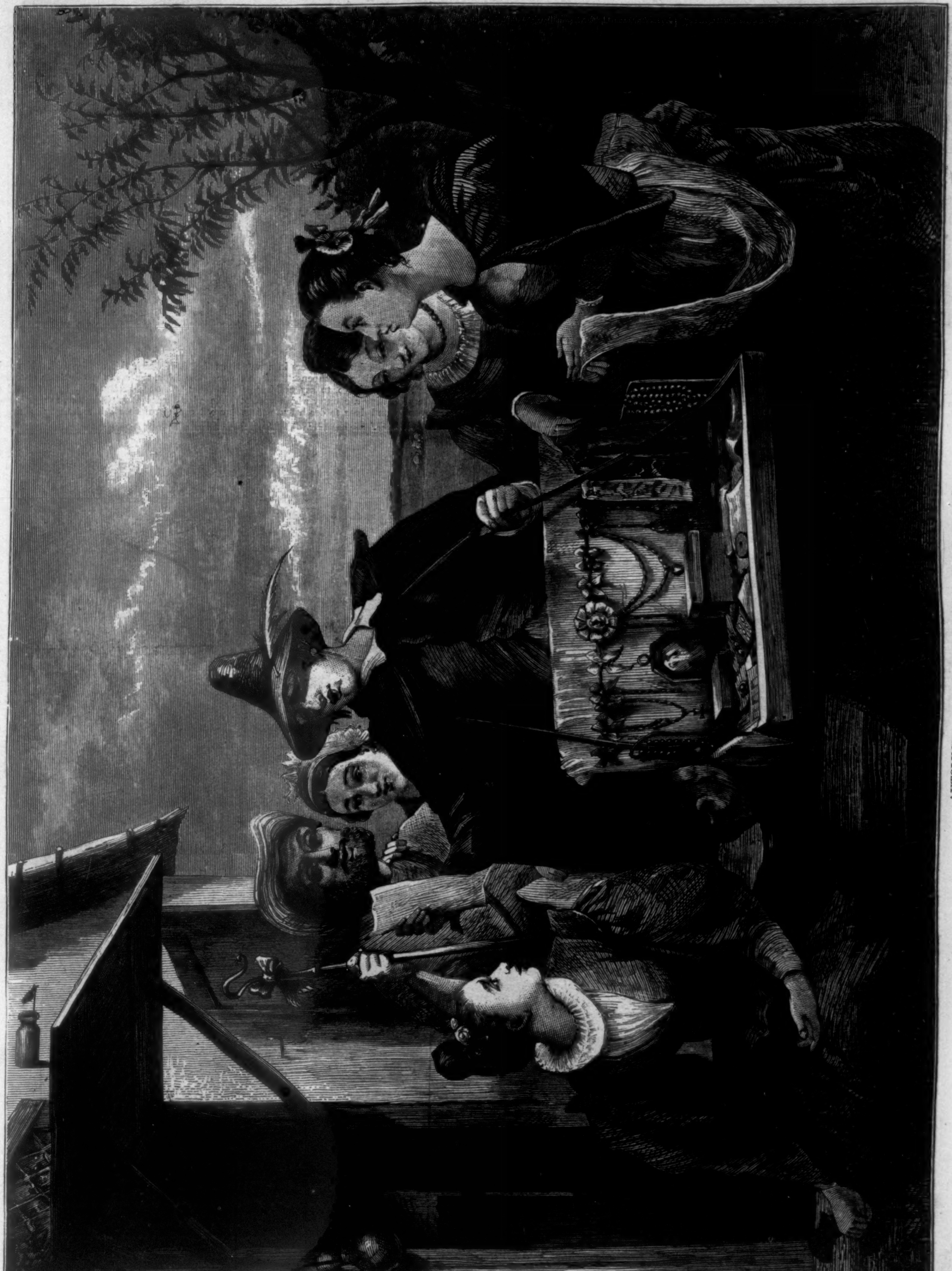


"THE END OF THE JOURNEY."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY T. GREEN, DUDLEY GALLERY, LONDON.]

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

IT would be difficult to find a people with a keener sense of humor, or more devoted to pleasure, than the Chinese, and in this they differ not one whit from ourselves. They are addicted to music, the stage, the pleasures of the table, its sensual gratification and intercommunication of ideas, and light literature. No house is without its musical talent, and at all hours of the day and night, on passing through the streets, will be heard the twanging of the harp or guitar, the shrill notes of the flute, or the screeching falsetto of some accomplished vocalist. To the Chinaman, no doubt, those strains and sounds convey all the ecstatic thrill which a Paganini would excite in the mind of an American. But the effect which they usually had on the writer was that of a sharp twinge of colic, and being no musician, he can only describe the airs as akin to those of which the nursery story tells us the old cow died. A theory has, however, been started that the chords in Chinese music are the natural chords of the human voice. It is fortunate for the European ear that it has proved itself capable of appreciating those which are artificial.

The Chinaman is a most constant play-goer, and he has every opportunity for indulging his passion. Each village has its stage—a raised platform placed outside the big gate of the village temple—where performances in the open air are constantly taking place. These performances are usually the thank-offerings of some devout worshiper, or the result of a fine imposed upon some delinquent member of a society or guild, so that attending the theatre in China is not so expensive as at home. In some of the larger cities there are regularly built theatres. The performers are strolling actors, carrying with them all their properties; they require no drop-scene, wings, or other paraphernalia requisite for the most unimportant private performance in American houses. A raised platform is quite sufficient for this purpose, and ten dollars will hire the services of a first-rate company for one evening. Their *répertoire*, always a very large one, consists of historical representations of terrific single combats and battles of rival claimants to power or the throne, and farces chosen from every-day subjects, replete with humor and ridiculous situations, but hardly, from their coarseness, presentable to an American audience.



AUTOLYCUS CRYING HIS WARES.—[SEE PAGE 550.]